1908.

Maynard Downes '08.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/murmurmontisyear05west

FORMAN

VIEW OF BUCKHANNON RIVER

VOLUME V

West Virginia Wesleyan College
245107
LIBRARY

PUBLISHED BY
'08 SEMINARY CLASS
of W. V. W. C.

378.7962
W2Jn
1928
v.1

To
Hon. W. W. Hughes
whom we honor for

His devotion to his Alma Mater: his example of true American citizenship and his noble influence in our state, this book is gratefully and affectionately dedicated

HON. W. W. HUGHES MacAvoy

William Wellington Hughes

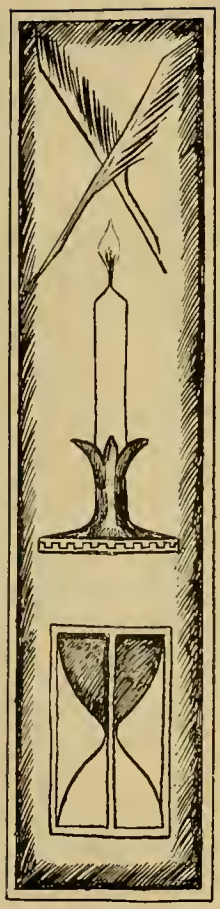
OF the very large number of eminently successful graduates of the Seminary, one of the most successful is William Wellington Hughes, now a prominent lawyer of Welch, McDowell county, West Virginia. Born April 8, 1873, in the most fortunate place in the world for a boy, a country home, he spent his summers in working on the farm and his winters in attending the public schools until he was eighteen years old, when he began to teach in the country. In the spring of 1892, he entered the West Virginia Conference Seminary and by attending fall and spring terms, and teaching in the winter, he succeeded in completing the course and graduating in the class of 1896; he then remained in the Seminary another year, making further preparation for his work at the State University, where he entered in the fall of 1898, having taught in the public schools of Weston one year after leaving the Seminary.

Few, if any students have left a better record at the Seminary than Mr. Hughes did. A natural orator, he represented his Society (the Chrestomathean) several times on their special programs and contests, and was honored by the presidency of the class of 1896. Brilliant as was his career at the Seminary, it was even more so at the University, from where he graduated with the degree of LL. B. in 1900; here he represented his Society (the Columbian) in joint debate in 1899, and in 1900 won the Wiles prize of $100 in oratory; was editor-in-chief of the "Monticola" in 1899, and was president of the law class of 1900; was also a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity while in the University.

After graduation Mr. Hughes began the practice of law in Weston in November, 1900, but removed to Welch in June, 1901, and became a member of the firm of Rucker, Anderson & Hughes in July, 1902, which firm was expanded in 1906 to Rucker, Anderson, Strother & Hughes, its present name.

As a lawyer, he is clear, quick, and forcible, and is already looked upon in the Circuit courts of his own and adjoining districts and the Supreme court of the state as one of the most prominent lawyers of the younger generation, and has already attained a very enviable reputation as a land lawyer, in which line he has specialized somewhat.

But better than school and college honors or distinctions at the bar, is the reputation Mr. Hughes has won as an upright and honest man, and a loyal and devoted citizen. His school loves to honor him because he honors it, and his teachers love and cherish him because in him they see the full fruition of hopes and labor, and because of him it can be said, "He is the man."



West Virginia Wesleyan College

Founded 1890 by the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church

---

PRESIDENTS

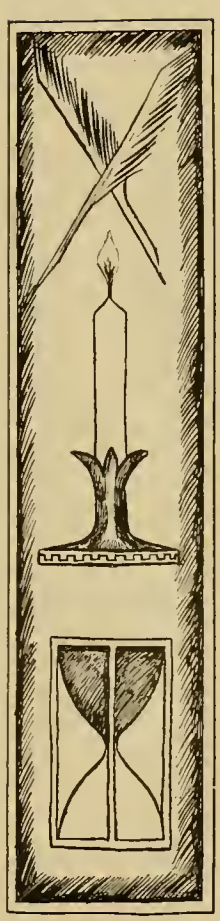
REV. B. W. HUTCHINSON, A. M., D. D.
REV. S. L. BOYERS
REV. JOHN WIER, A. M., D. D.

COLORS

ORANGE AND BLACK

YELL

Chee hee, Chee hee, Chee ha, ha, ha,
Wesleyan, Wesleyan, Rah, rah, rah,
Boom-a-lacka, chick-a-lacka, sis, boom bah,
West Virginia Wesleyan! Rah, rah, rah.



Board of Trustees

PRESIDENT, J. WIER, A. M., D. D., EX-OFFICIO.

HON. H. C. MCWHORTER,	Charleston, W. Va.
REV. C. B. GRAHAM, D. D.,	Wheeling, W. Va.
REV. S. P. CRUMMETT,	Parkersburg, W. Va.
A. M. POUNDSTONE, ESQ.,	Buckhannon, W. Va.
J. C. BARDALL, ESQ.,	Moundsville, W. Va.
HON. T. P. JACOBS, A. M.,	New Martinsville, W. Va.
REV. ASBURY MICK,	Guyandotte, W Va.
ROBERT A. REGER, M. D.,	Buckhannon, W. Va.
C. W. ARCHBOLD, ESQ.,	Parkersburg, W. Va.
EX-GOV. G. W. ATKINSON, LL. D.,	Washington, D. C.
JOHN A. BARNES, ESQ.,	Weston, W. Va.
J. S. WITHERS, ESQ.,	Glenville, W. Va.
REV. L. W. ROBERTS, D. D.,	Fairmont, W. Va.
REV. ARCHIBALD MOORE, D. D.,	Mannington, W. Va.
REV. D. L. ASH, D. D.,	Huntington, W. Va.
REV. G. D. SMITH,	Fairmont, W. Va.
BISHOP J. W. WALDEN, D. D., LL. D.,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
REV. L. K. ARBUTHNOT, D. D.,	Clarksburg, W. Va.
REV. M. F. COMPTON, D. D.,	Morgantown, W. Va.
REV. E D. HANNAH, A. M.,	Davis, W. Va.
REV. W. F. ANDERSON, D. D.,	New York, N. Y.
REV. R. B. WARD, D. D.,	Oakland, Md.
HON. GEORGE C. STURGISS,	Morgantown, W. Va.
HON. L. V. WOODS,	Philippi, W. Va.
HON. HARVEY W. HARMER,	Clarksburg, W. Va.
COL. SIDNEY HAYMOND,	Quiet Dell, W. Va.
C. D. HOWARD, ESQ.,	Cowen, W. Va.

COLLEGE BUILDING

MacAvoy

Faculty

JOHN WIER, A. M. D. D.
PRESIDENT

MACAVOY

FRANK B. TROTTER, A. M.
VICE-PRESIDENT

W. O. MILLS, PH. B.
MATHEMATICS

JAMES J. DECK, A. M.
GREEK

T. R. WATSON, A. M.
PHILOSOPHY

JESSIE TROTTER A. B.
Assistant Latin

CLARA GOHEEN, A. M.
English

WALTER DAVID HARRIS, M. A.
Science

GRACE WYMAN, A. M.
Lady Principal

EMMA McKFAN
French and English

GEO. W. BROYLES
Principal Commercial Dept.

H. T. BARNUM
Orchestral Department

ETHEL MILDRED CROW
Elocution

MRS. J. J. JELLEY
PRINCIPAL PIANO DEPARTMENT

FREDERICK RICHARD BENSON
DIRECTOR CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

IVA LOWE
PIANO

BLANCHE M. LAUCK, A. B.
ART

EVA ETHEL BROYLES
SHORTHAND

MAY LUELLA BARR
COMMERCIAL

W

The End of Education

OUR interest in education increases as its utility and necessity become more clearly recognized. In the progress of civilization there is a continual transference of things from the list of luxuries to the list of necessities. Education has thus passed from the list of luxuries, where it had remained so long, to a permanent place among the necessities of life. This has been done not merely as an act of benevolence or of culture; the motive, on the part of the state, is protection and self-preservation; on the part of individuals, the thought of utility rather than culture has become dominant. Education has become to many, a means to an end; many professions can be entered only through its door.

So important is the education of the child that our states provide schools free for all children, maintaining an army of four hundred thousand teachers, and pouring into the cause of education her treasures by the hundreds of millions. Nor does the state stop with the common school; realizing that her interests are best served by citizens whose education is of the higher order, the state is more and more providing for her youth the college and the university. In this respect, too, private enterprise has excelled the state. Not only does the state provide facilities for teaching, but demands that the child shall attend the school. The state cannot afford to allow her citizens to grow up in ignorance and illiteracy. Ignorance is subversive of freedom. The great bulwark of our free institutions is an intelligent citizenship; upon no other basis can our government of political and religious liberty be maintained.

European countries are also alive to the importance of education. England is putting forth an earnest effort to have every child taught in schools of the lower grade at least, and has been remodeling her school system with that object in view. Germany, long since, has provided the common school for all her children, and compelled attendance to such a degree that illiterary is practically unknown. France has a school system probably the most perfect in all the

world. Not only are the elementary schools open to all children, but the higher schools as well. Tuition and books are free to the student and in many cases room and board as well. That education is at the basis of national greatness is patent by a comparison of Russia with her intellectual neighbors.

Competition has become sharp and business methods so complex that a high degree of training is essential to success in the business world; thus the college is being patronized not only by the professional man, but by the business man as well. This fact verifies the saying of Franklin, "An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

The practical turn given to education in recent years has already been suggested. The old college course is being supplanted by studies of practical utility. Science is supreme. Under sway of science, the old methods of doing things have been superseded by modern methods. Our civilization has been revolutionized. We live in a world very different from that in which our grandfathers lived and toiled. The shackles have been taken from human slaves, but the forces of nature have been enslaved for service. Steam and electricity render a service far beyond the power of the whole negro race. The utilization of these mighty forces of nature reveals the greatness of the human intellect, and proves the truth of the old adage, "knowledge is power."

If any indictment is to be brought against our civilization today, it is not because utilities may be lacking either in quality or quantity; it is not so much for want of genuineness in products as for want of genuineness in character. The thing of most vital importance is not so much the quality of the goods produced, as it is the quality of men produced. Our supreme interest is not the manufactured goods, but, as Ruskin puts it, "the manufacture of souls."

The same query may be raised concerning the products of our educational institutions. Does our system of education turn out doctors or lawyers, rather than men? Does the skill of our educational product surpass its manhood? If any criticism is to be passed upon our present system of education, it is that

emphasis is placed upon the profession rather than the man. That the old method—the cast-iron curriculum, consisting chiefly of dry Latin, hard Greek, and harder mathematics—turned out men needs no proof. That the new system turns out specialists is also true; but is it not possible in the eagerness to specialize the man has been lost sight of? The vital test of the new system is not skill, but character; to obtain both is the ideal; so for this reason it is well to be conservative in educational reform.

We may now inquire into the real meaning of education. Is it what we know, or what we are, and are becoming, that constitutes our education? in a narrow sense, education means acquired knowledge, i. e., intellectual development. In a broader sense, it includes the development of the whole person, embracing the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual natures or faculties of man. Milton's conception of education is not yet antiquated. "The end of education," said he, "is to prepare for complete living." This embraces every phase of self-development, and every function of life. A suggestion in addition to this classic definition is this, education is the process of self-realization.

Esau, a four year old chimpanzee, was captured when very young. He was reared in the home of his captor, having for his companion the little son of his master. The chimpanzee and the boy slept together, ate together, played together, and wore the same kind of clothes. In the course of time, Esau could do many things in imitation of human actions. Alas! they were imitations only. At the close of a performance a lady shook hands with Esau, and very enthusiastically said to the owner, "How nicely you have him trained!" The owner replied with a look of scorn and a tone of wounded pride, "He is not trained, madam. He is educated." The lady was correct; Esau was trained—there was no self-development, no self-realization in his role. His training was from without, not from within. The supreme test of education is character. In revealing Himself to Moses God did not boast of His power or wisdom, but simply said, "I am."

T. R. Watson.

COLLEGE CAMPUS

MacAvoy

The Classes.

MacAvoy

JACOB ELBERT WELLS, A. B.

J. E. WELLS, born in Marion county, West Virginia, entered the Seminary in the spring of 1900. He joined the Excelsior Literary Society and has served as president of the same one term. He was an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association, of which he was president one year. Mr. Wells graduated with honors in the classical course in 1903, and was president of his class during that year. This year he receives his degree of A. B. from W V. W. C.

FORMAN

FREDERICK ALBERT FORSTER, A. B.

FRED A. FORSTER was born in Marshall county, West Virginia, and was graduated from the Literary course of the Seminary in 1905. He was a member of the Excelsior Literary Society, for which he has won many laurels. He has served as president of the society one term. Mr. Forster was editor-in-chief of "Murmurmontis '05," and was also president of the senior class of 1905. He receives his degree of A. B. this year from W. V. W. C.

COLLEGE SENIOR FOOTBALL SQUAD

College Juniors

MABEL ROYE WIER

CHAS. H. HARTLEY

ROY McCUSKEY

Sophomore Class

Motto.

Εἰς αἰῶνα οὐκ εἰς ἥβην μόνον.

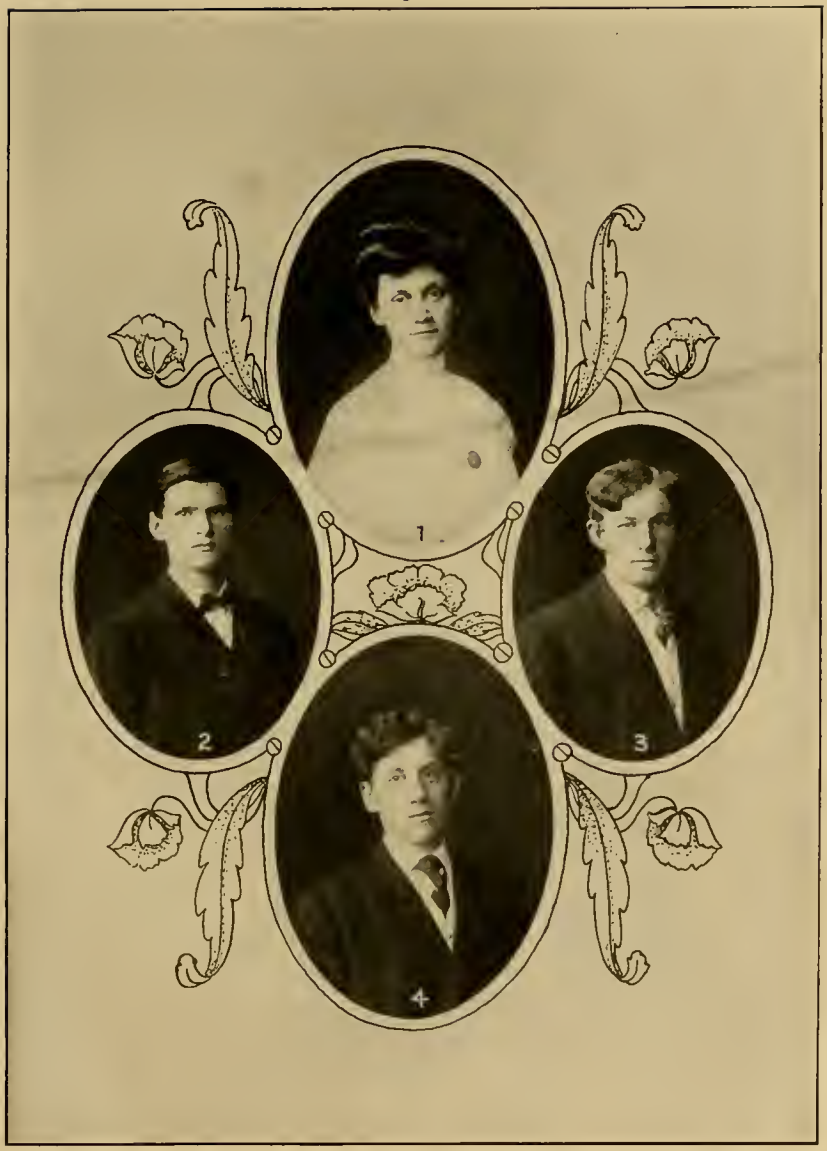
Yell.

Hi! Boom! We're in line,
We're the class of 1909.

Officers.

Flossie Snodgrass,	Secretary
Clyde Law,	Treasurer
Justin Henderson,	Vice-President
Porter Hardman,	President

Class Officers



MacAvoy

MacAvoy

Sophomore Class Roll

CLARK SINGLETON, Sem. '06, - - - Racket, W. Va.
Chrestomathean. Y. M. C. A.

JUSTIN HENDERSON, Sem. '06, - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Classical. Vice president Sophomore class, '07. Chrestomathean.

INA BARNES, Sem. '00, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Excelsior. Y. W. C. A.

LURA LAW, Sem. '06, - - - Lawford, W. Va.
Literary. President Y. W. C. A., '06. Excelsior.

FLOSSIE SNODGRASS, Sem. '05, - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Associate editor "Pharos." Secretary Sophomore class, '07. Secretary Excelsior society '05. President Y. W. C. A. '05.

CLYDE LAW, Sem. '05, - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Classical. Treasurer Sophomore class, '07. Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '07 Treasurer Chrestomathean society, fall term, '05.

PORTER HARDMAN, Sem. '06, - - - Horner, W. Va.
Classical. Vice president Junior class, '05. Associate editor "Pharos." Manager football team, '06. President Athletic association, '07. President Sophomore class, '07. President Chrestomathean society, spring term, '07.

D. L. MOON, Sem. '06, - - - Gormania, W. Va
Classical. President Y. M. C. A. '07. Asst. editor-in-chief "Murmurmontis" '06. Vice president Excelsior society fall term, '06.

LINNIE BRAKE, Sem. '03, - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Excelsior. Y. W. C. A.

G. N. STEYER, Sem. '06, - - - Steyer, Md.
Classical. Excelsior president spring term, '06. Secretary Y. M. C. A., '05.

LENA STUTZMAN, Sem. '03, - - - Selbyville, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A. Secretary Excelsior society, '03.

Sophomore Class Poem

Musa, mihi cane classem tertiam in ordine quamquam
Temporis, attamen in virtute et nomine primam;
Quam divae Fortunaque Fataque constituere
Esse secundam nullae classi quae umquam erat, est iam,
Aut erit in "doctoris" magno gymnasio amplo;
Illam, quae memorabilis est nunc omnia, fato
Designata magis magisque tamen memoranda;
Aut illam appellatam aliter cognomine notam
Iam "Classem Undeviginti atque Novem" celebratam.
Non operis solum sibi, sed factis etiam plus
Omnibus est celebris fuit. Usque et perpetuo nos
Nostrum dictum, "Non scholae at aevo," gratum erit atque
Iucundum meminisse, et praeterea reminisci;
Olim nos revocare iuvabit quomodo classis
Classica nostra illa "auspicebus doctoribus" ampla
Multum claraque facta et gesserit efficiatque.
Alpha scholae classis nostra est, quamquam numeroque
Pauca annisque etiam, nihilominus ast alioqui
Virtutis pretiique egeens aut deficiens nil.
Harmonia et concordia nobis omnia semper
Suut; numquam discordia, nequaquam atque "duella;"
Sicut sunt "senioribus," ebeu, interdum aliisque;
Namque colores sub nivis atque lavendulae amoenos
Nimirum nostros omnino omnes sumus unus.
Mox at, acerbum dictu, nobis nostra profecto
Classis nobilis "Undeviginti Novem" et ampla
Vae valedicenda; ast edicere talia Parcae;
Atque, tametsi triste et acerbum nunc meditatu,
Attamen multorum olim horum meminisse placebit.

History of the Sophomore Class

THERE is no history of all ages that will be of more interest or of greater value to the people of this illustrious nation than a record of the achievements of the Sophomore class of the West Virginia Wesleyan College. Its history does not cover a great length of time, but its importance cannot be easily overestimated. Not until this year have there ever been students in this school capable of undertaking the duties and responsibilities that fall upon a Sophomore class, therefore this is the first year in the history of the institution that the Sophomores have been an organized body. This class was organized in October, 1906, and is composed of the best material selected from the graduates of four different Seminary classes. Our class is made up of prominent members of both literary societies. These members have done faithful work in their respective societies, and have received honors also. The Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations find some of their most enthusiastic members in this class. The Sophomores are necessary to keep up the athletics. The football team had to call upon one of our number to be their manager. In fact, we are to be found keeping things together, and the wheels running in all the different organizations of the school. The Sophomores are taken as examples by the entire student body. On account of the number and size of the College Juniors and Seniors, we are obliged to assist the faculty in looking after Preps. This, of course, demands occasional visits to the office to consult with and advise the faculty.

Our responsibility in seeing after the needs of the Seniors is especially great. There must be some one to coach them, ready to advise them upon all matters of grave importance, and as there are two Seniors, some one must help them "run in some ringers" that they may be able to have a complete set of officers. The Juniors, numbering a half dozen, do not need so much of our support; however, they require some time and consideration, and our occasional assistance, so that they may not be promoted to the Flunkers' class.

We might enumerate countless heroic deeds of this class, but for fear of it having the appearance of boasting, and any way it is useless, as the influence of these deeds will live on thruout ages and speak for themselves. But the history of the Sophomores of the West Virginia Wesleyan College is only begun. In after years you will hear again from these same Sophomores still forming their history and making their lives count for something out in the busy world.

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class Prophecy

Being in the province of Upshur, in the city of Buckhannon, attending the West Virginia Wesleyan College, and being a member of the first organized Sophomore class, I was duly elected and set apart as prophet of said class. After this, the spirit of prophecy came upon me, and I received many thoughts and day-dreams, and had prophetic visions that gave me views of the future, when our class would be old, its history written, and its impress made upon the world; and the Muse said unto me, Write:—Thus shall it be unto our class president, Mr. Hardman: He shall be known far beyond the limits of America as one of the leading lawyers of the day; and at length shall become presideent of the United States.

Mr. Steyer, like Demosthenes, will have his name become the synonym of eloquence throughout the world.

As I look down the intervening years, I see Clyde O. Law, a man of deep thought, invincible in his course, leading a solitary bachelor life. His opportunities for matrimony having passed almost unnoticed, except when, in an unguarded moment, once a maiden lady of many years and of more disappointments succeeded in inveigling him into a conversation and talked him almost to death in a trice.

As I pursue the prophetic muse, I see Linnie Brake, like Maud Muller of old, standing, looking, sighing, "Ah me! That I the judge's bride might be." 'This sweet hope lies deeply buried from human eyes, and in the hereafter angels will roll the stone away," and Linnie will have the judge, as well as the "children around her door."

I need no prophetic vision to tell me that Mr. Singleton will be a famous writer. The serenity and grandeur of his surroundings, such as the "Lilies" of the valleys, the "Wood"-ed slopes, and the tiny "Dells" being such as to endow him with a wonderful susceptibility to natural beauty, and inspire and deepen in him a love for the splendid past. His works will be true to the scenes of life and he shall give proof of powers as a writer by producing a great work known as the "Reminiscence of School Life."

Miss Stutzman, who now is a prominent teacher, shall be honored as the preceptress of the ladies' hall at the Wesleyan College.

Mr. Henderson shall be the one of all the class who will take up a business career, and he will become known as the possessor of an unlimited amount of wealth.

Miss Snodgrass shall devote her time to living for humanity. She will be a great temperance worker, and her success will be equal to that of Frances E. Willard. She will also take delight in reciting the poems written by Miss Ina Barnes, which will win favor everywhere, because of the pure moral lessons brought out in them.

Then there is Mr. Moon, who shall rise in supreme majesty; the radiance of whose intellect shall shed light, not only upon the Sophomore class, but unto all his contemporaries.

Now, I have written as the spirit has prompted me—not in the words of some great prophet, but in the simplest language, and, if rightly inspired, it is evident that glory, honor and fame are awaiting the members of the Sophomore class.

SEMINARY

SENIORS.

Seminary Senior Class

Motto:

Dum vivimus, vivamus.

Colors:

Maroon and Silver.

Yell:

Zipper-rum, zipper-ree,
Crack-a-lo, turn-a-fee!
Who'll get to Heaven?
Nineteen-seven.

Harry A. Forman,	Vice-president
Mason Crickard,	President
Daisy Wells Furbee,	Secretary
Herbert L. Carney,	Treasurer

Class Officers

MACAVOY

MacAvoy

Senior Class Roll

CHARLES WILLIAM LOUCHERY, - - - Clarksburg, W. Va.
Classical. Critic Chrestomathean Society, fall, '06. Sub. Varsity football, captain Reserves. Treasurer Junior class, '07.

ALFREDA CARNEY, - - - - Littleton, W. Va.
Literary. Vice president Y. W. C. A., '06. Treasurer, '07. Secretary Excelsior Society, spring, '07.

MARSHALL LUDINGTON BROWN, - - - Parkersburg, W. Va.
Literary. Chrestomathean.

DAISIE WELLS FURBEE, - - - Alma, W. Va.
Literary. Excelsior. Vice president Y. W. C. A., '07. Junior class, '07, poet. Secretary Senior class, '07.

WILLIAM GILLISPIE STATHERS, - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. President Chrestomathean Society, fall, '06. Left-end football team '06. Manager basehall team, '07. Associate editor "Murmurmontis," '07.

NANCY BLANCHE FORMAN, - - - Amboy, W. Va.
Literary. Secretary Y. W. C. A., '07. Secretary Excelsior, winter, '07.

MASON CRICKARD, - - - - - Huttonsville, W Va.
Literary. Vice president Chrestomathean Society, fall, '06. President '07 Senior class.

LENORA REXROADE, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. Y. W. C. A. Chrestomathean.

ROY V. HALL, - - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. Chrestomathean. Y. M. C. A.

NELLIE CHIDESTER, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. Y. W. C. A. Corresponding secretary Excelsior society, fall, '06.

HERBERT HOLT WOOD, - - - - Mingo, W. Va.
Literary.

MAUD BOWMAN, - - - - Valley, Furnace, W. Va.
Literary. Y. W. C. A. Excelsior.

HERBERT RAY JONES, - - - - Deer Park, Md.
Classical. Y. M. C. A. Vice-president Chrestomathean Society, winter, '07, Critic, spring, '07. Associate editor "Murmurmontis," '07.

JOCLARE HENDRICKSON, - - - Grafton, W. Va.
Literary and Scientific. Chrestomathean. Junior class, '07, Historian.

MACAVOY

Senior Class Roll

William Clarence Pickles, - - - Jackson, Mich.
Scientific. Y. M. C. A. Critic Excelsior Society spring, '07. Left tackle Varsity football.

Herbert Stansbury, - - - Marshes, W. Va.
Scientific. President Chrestomathean Society, winter, '07.

Estella Pearle Wisman, - - - Morgantown, W. Va.
Classical. Y. W. C. A. Secretary Excelsior Society, fall, '06. Associate editor "Pharos."

H. C. Brake, - - - - Auburn, W. Va.
Classical and Literary. Y. M. C. A. President Excelsior Society, spring, '07. President '07 Freshman class.

Erma Snodgrass, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. Secretary Excelsior society, fall, '06. Secretary Junior class, '07.

Arthur Brown Hodges, - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Classical. Treasurer Chrestomathean Society, '05. Critic, '06. Business manager "Murmurmontis," '07. Fullback Varsity football.

A. T. Ward, - - - - - Peel Tree, W. Va.
Literary. Vice-president Chrestomathean Society, spring, '07.

Mabel C. Snodgrass, - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. Excelsior. Y. W. C. A.

Eusebius Angelo Graham, - - - Wheeling, W. Va.
Classical. Chrestomathean. Captain Varsity football, '06-'07. Junior and Senior football '07. Junior, Senior and Varsity baseball, '07.

Maida Hall, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. Y. W. C. A. Secretary Chrestomathean Society, spring, '06.

J. Timothy Moon, - - - - Gormania, W. Va.
Literary. Y. M. C. A. Excelsior. Sub. '07 football team.

Denver Clarence Pickens, - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Scientitfic. Y. M. C. A. Chrestomathean. Second base Varsity baseball, '06.

Esther Gilmore, - - - - Jollytown, Pa.
Literary. Y. W. C. A. Secretary Chrestomathean Society, winter, '07. Secretary Athletic association.

MacAvoy

Senior Class Roll

LEUR MCCORMICK, - - - - Lima, W. Va.
Scientific. Secretary Y. M. C. A., '06. President Excelsior Society, winter, '07.

FLOYD R. HANIFAN, - - - - Elkins, W. Va.
Classical. Y. M. C. A. Treasurer Chrestomathean Society, fall, '06. President Junior class, '07. Right end Varsity football, '06.

HARRY FORMAN, - - - - - Amboy, W. Va.
Literary. Y. M. C. A. Treasurer Excelsior Society, fall, '06. Vice-president Senior class, '07.

ALONZO HARRAH, - - - - Pigeon, W. Va.
Classical. Y. M. C. A. Treasurer Chrestomathean Society fall, '06. Historian '07 Freshman class.

MINNIE JANE MERRILLS, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. Excelsior. Y. W. C. A. Secretary '07 Freshman class.

EVE STUART, - - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Music. Chrestomathean. Associate editor "Murmurmontis," '07.

BYRON L. CUNNINGHAM, - - - - Shinnston, W. Va.
Scientific. Treasurer Chrestomathean society, winter, '07. Manager '07 Senior football team.

MARGUERETTE ELANOR MOCKLER, - - Mannington, W. Va.
Literary. Y. W. C. A. Excelsior.

CHESTER ARTHUR JOHNSON, - - - Wheeling, W. Va.
Classical. Excelsior. Y. M. C. A. Tackle Varsity football, '07.

JESSIE CONEWAY, - - - - Oakland, Md.
Scientific and Normal. Excelsior. Y. W. C. A.

HERBERT LUTHER CARNEY, - - - Littleton, W. Va.
Literary. Y. M. C. A. Chrestomathean. Treasurer Senior class, '07.

BERTUS MILLER, - - - - Tunnelton, W. Va.
Normal. Y. M. C. A. Chrestomathean. '07 class poet. First base Varsity baseball, '06. Right guard, Varsity football, '06.

JACOB H. CUPPETT, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Classical. Vice president Y. M. C. A., '06. Treasurer Excelsior society, winter, '06. Vice-president, winter, '07. Varsity football.

Senior Class Poem

Fair Murmnrmontis comes again,
With all her treasures new and old—
Bright bits of thought from brain and pen
Of mental giants strong and bold!

The class of '07 must rise and share
The limelight's rare and radiant glow—
For here grand thoughts beyond compare
In all their virgin freshness grow!

The "Trotters" lead on every pike!
Onr motto, "While we live, let's live,"
Speaks loud her benisons alike
O'er past and what the years shall give.

The past years, under Learning's reign,
Have knit our hearts in union strong,
Like comrades in some long campaign
'Gainst foreign foe or giant wrong.

And future times shall prove the worth
Of friendships born and nurtured here—
In every clime, o'er all the earth,
These sacred ties shall still be dear.

Great thoughts are firm as stars, and truth
Moves not at morning, noon or night—
So shall the culture gained in youth
Guide us in striving for the right.

Our Class—Ambition's loyal band
Of earnest men and maidens fair—
Shall walk with Success, hand in hand,
Life's devious way, Fame's winding stair.

In sacred desk or sheltered home,
At bar, or bench, store, office, bank,
Where e'er we dwell where e'er we roam,
Earth's choicest spirits we would rank,
Till stars grow old, the sun grows cold,
And Judgment's final books unfold!

Senior Class History

The chief importance of history lies in its value as a guide-book. It shows where others have trod and, by reading it, future generations may know where to go and where not to go. So we hope that these few lines will be both of interest and profit to the reader. During the three years which we have spent in this school, we have not been idle, and though our deeds are not such as would engage the attention of a Prescott or a Ridpath, nevertheless they have all been recorded in the archives of our Alma Mater, and they will influence those who come after us, even as we have exerted an influence on those with whom we have come in contact.

The majority of the members of this class entered the Seminary in the fall of 1904, fresh and green from the hills of West Virginia. We would doubtless have fallen an easy prey to the Juniors and Seniors had we not early in our career organized ourselves as the class of '07, and appointed leaders who were to care for our interests during the year. In March of the same year, our home was destroyed by fire, but we stood by the institution, and now have the pleasure of seeing a larger and more modern building on the site of the old one.

The Junior year is perhaps the most important in the school life of the student. That year we effected a closer organization. After electing our officers and settling down to work, we selected a staff for the fourth volume of the Murmurmountis, and looked after the various other affairs which tend to give prestige to a class.

We finished our Junior work successfully and, after the summer vacation, we returned, prepared to make the most of our last year. Now that we are almost in sight of our goal, we feel that the time spent here has not been lost. We believe that we have really accomplished great things, though we do not call ourselves a model class. We acknowledge that we have sometimes left the "straight and narrow path," for we have done those things which we should not have done, and have left undone what we should have done; we have schemed and cut classes; we have bluffed "me" faculty, and broken their regulations; yet with all our meanness, we surpass in excellence all former Senior classes, even as "the brightness of the sun exceeds that of the moon."

Here I must take leave of you, but I do so, feeling sure that you will hear the Trotters speak for themselves, individually, some time in the future.

HISTORIAN.

Senior Class Prophecy

Prof. Schnitzel always was a rather mysterious person. When he and his colored cook, Sam, moved into their house next door to us, I was almost afraid of him. Sam, though, was a jolly sort of darkey, and I soon began talking to him over the back fence, and it was from Sam that I learned that the Prof. was not to be feared, but wondered at.

"Do you know," said he one day, "that the fessor won't let me ring no bell in the morning to wake him up, and he won't eat boiled rice and corn-bread for lunch at all, and he can tell every time when I am boiling cabbage or cooking onions without ever coming into the kitchen?"

I remember, too, that father said the Prof. had told him six weeks ahead that there would be a large increase in the Snipe hunting trade about Sept. 10, and that during the Christmas vacation there would be an embracing-box added to the front of the Ladies' Hall.

The Prof. was certainly a remarkable man, any one could see that.

When I came to Buckhannon I thought no more about the Prof. till the obvious merits of the class of '07 came to my notice. Of course it is a great class, thought I, but how great?

A few questions had beset me before, notably, how to make both ends meet when one of them had been cut off, but none ever seemed so important as this concerning the class. So I went home and sought out the Prof.

Wrapped in thought and an old yellow dressing gown, he sat reading a great leather bound volume.

When I had told my errand, he arose, and beckoning me to follow, led the way to an upper room.

There in that dimly lighted chamber, filled with mystery and intricate machinery, he told me the following story:

"When I was a very young man," said he, "I became a searcher after truth. No fact was too trivial for my notice, no question too grave to daunt my inquisitive spirit. I searched and, after some difficulty, found a land of wisdom situated around the South Pole. I lived there and became as wise as President Crickard!"

Here he stopped and went over to a vessel made of glass, which seemed almost as thin as milk at Wells' Club, and with tweezers took out a very small lump of gray shiny substance.

"This," said he, "is my most wonderful invention to stimulate mental faculties. Now, every one has some idea of the future from fancied indications, whether Jacob and Daisy will marry, or whether Hall girls will quit scheming; but with the intense stimulation (which I derive from a superheated decoction of semi-chronic squelchings) the most vague imaginings of the normal mind become the vivid realities of the foreknown future. I have been able to make but one-sixteenth ounce of the compound, but the dose is so small that what I have will last a long time."

So saying, he placed the substance on a marble slab and, with great care and a sharp knife, cut off a portion about the size of a French grade. He put this in a small capsule and gave me the dose.

I immediately saw the future standing before me, holding the class of '07 in highest ranks.

I at once was convinced that this class was the greatest of all times and, knowing that it would accomplish all things, and that Cunningham—

Here a tremendous explosion drove away the future, killed Prof. Schnitzel, and left me standing outside the destroyed building, covered with mud and a perplexed countenance.

PROPHET.

HON. HARVEY W. HARMER

Harvey W. Harmer

Harvey W. Harmer was born in Shinnston, West Virginia, and attended the public schools of his native town until he was nineteen years old, when he began teaching in the public schools, and was graduated at the Fairmont Normal School in the class of 1889. Early in 1890 he was appointed deputy clerk of the Circuit Court of Harrison county, and later attended the West Virginia University and in June, 1892, was graduated from the law department with the degree of B. L., and immediately located in Clarksburg, where he has since continued the practice of law with much success. He was elected to the House of Delegates in 1894, and to the State Senate in 1900, in both of which bodies he served as a member of the committees on judiciary, finance, and education. He was appointed a member of the Board of Regents of the State Normal Schools in 1895 by Governor McCorkle, and later reappointed by Governor Atkinson for a term of six years. In 1898 he was appointed referee in bankruptcy by Judge John J. Jackson, and served two years, when he resigned because of his election to the Senate. He was appointed supervisor of the census for the first district of West Virginia in 1900 by President McKinley. The director of the census complimented him as having a first-class record, and being one of the best supervisors of the census. Governor Dawson appointed him a member of the board of directors of the West Virginia schools for the deaf and blind in 1905, for a term of six years. In 1906 he was elected mayor of Clarksburg on the Peoples' Reform ticket. At the last session of the West Virginia Conference Mr. Harmer was elected a trustee of this College, and is also a trustee of Goff M. E. church of Clarksburg and superintendent of its Sunday School. He is a director of the Farmers' Bank, and connected with other banks and business institutions of this city.

Such has been the career of him who has honored the class of 1908 by permitting us to adopt his name as our class name. May each member of the "Harmer class" be inspired to higher ideals, greater diligence, and broader education by his noble life. May each of us, led by his example, go forth into life to be an honor to our school and a blessing to our state and nation.

Junior Class

MOTTO:

Non sequi sed superare.

COLORS:

Black and Light Blue.

YELL:

Harmer, Harmer, Class we are,
We who make the whole school jar!
Prexy knows we're always true,
For Black and Blue make all skidoo.

CLASS OFFICERS.

IRA L. WARNER,	President
DORA FRIEND,	Secretary
RALPH E. DIMMICK,	Treasurer
W. C. THORNILY,	Vice-President

Class Officers

MACAVOY

Junior Class Roll

MAUD WILSON BARNES, - - - - Weston, W. Va.
Scientific. Y. W. C. A. Secretary Chrestomathean society, spring term, '07. Music editor "Murmurmontis," '08.

FRANK ARNETT, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Normal. Chrestomatheau. Y. M. C. A. Sub. field Varsity baseball, '06. Sub. end Varsiety football, '06.

W. L. MASON, - - - - - Oakland, Md.
Classical. Y. M. C. A. Excelsior. President Freshman class, '08. Business manager "Murmurmontis," '08.

A. P. MORRISON, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Scientific. Excelsior. Assistant editor "Murmurmontis," '08.

IRETA ELANOR LOWE, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Elocution. Secretary Chrestomathean society fall, '05. Assistant editor "Murmurmontis," '06.

KATHRYN BARNES, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. Y. W. C. A. Excelsior. Secretary Freshman class, '08. Associate editor "Pharos." Literary editor "Murmurmontis," '08.

LELIA RUTH MORRISON, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Elocution. Y. W. C. A. Excelsior. Elocution editor "Murmurmontis," '08.

PERRY ROBBISON, - - - - Volga, W. Va.
Classical. Y. M. C. A. Excelsior. Treasurer Freshman class, '08. Photographer "Murmurmontis," '08.

WILLIAM H. HARTLEY, - - - - Millwood, W. Va.
Literary. Y. M. C. A. Treasurer Excelsior society, winter, '07. '08 class prophet.

PAUL M. SMITH, - - - - Fairmont, W. Va.
Classical. Y. M. C. A. Excelsior. Vice-president Freshman class, '08. Editor-in-chief "Murmurmontis," '08.

MacAvoy

Junior Class Roll

IRA L. WARNER, - - - - - Spencer, W. Va.
Classical. Y. M. C. A. Chrestomathean. President Junior class, '08.

RALPH E. DIMMICK, - - - - Murphytown, W. Va.
Scientific. Chrestomathean. Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '06. Treasurer Junior class, '08.

EARLE STANLEY HALLER, - - - - Tysconnell Mines, W. Va.
Classical. Y. M. C. A. Chrestomathean.

ESTHER HAUGHT, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. Y. W. C. A. Excelsior. Junior class, '08, poet.

GOLDIE ALICE TENNANT, - - - - Amos, W. Va.
Literary. Y. W. C. A. Chrestomathean. Captain and center ladies basketball team.

MAGGIE MAY PARKS, .- - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Scientific.

JOHN M. DAVIS, - - - - - Wheeling, W. Va.
Engineering. Excelsior. Secretary Y. M. C. A. '07. Manager Freshman, '08. basehall team. Athletic editor "Murmurmontis," '08.

MABLE PETIT, - - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. Chrestomathean.

CATHARINE ROWANNA BLAIR, - - - Weston, W. Va.
Classical. Y. W. C. A. Secretary Chrestomathean, fall, '06. Art editor "Murmurmontis," '08

HARRY T. WELLS, - - - - Mannington, W. Va.
Scientific. Y. M. C. A. Chrestomathean. Half-back Varsity football. Associate editor "Pharos." Assistant business manager "Murmontis," '08.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10

Junior Class Roll

La Vancha E. Von Bruce, - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary.

Angileen McClintock Bodley, - - Wheeling, W. Va
Scientific. Chrestomathean.

Dora Friend, - - - - - Friendsville, Md.
Normal. Y. W. C. A. Excelsior. Secretary Junior Class '08.

Claude Andrew Brake, - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Normal. Y. M. C. A. Chrestomathean.

W. Creaver Thornley, - - - - Crown City, Ohio.
Scientific. Excelsior. Left guard 'Varsity foot ball. Vice-President Junior Class '08.

Larua Lowe, - - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary. Chrestomathean.

Edward James Baugher, - - - - Folsom, W. Va.
Literary. Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A. Treasurer Excelsior Society '07. Historian Junior Class '08.

Maynard Downs, - - - - Buckhannon, W. Va.
Literary.

Myrtle Calloway, - - - - Marshes, W. Va.
Literary. Y. W. C. A. Excelsior.

James Lawrence Marquess, - - - Thornton, W. Va.
Classical. Y. M. C. A. Chrestomathean.

Junior Class Poem

Through all the years that have gone past
Since Eighteen-Ninety -One,
The classes from the Sem have passed,
Each one excelling still the last,
Till the old Sem's work is done.

The W. V. C. S. has e'er
Given learning deep and wide;
Strong men and women everywhere,
Their honors with the old Sem share;
We join their ranks with pride.

The Harmer Class of Nineteen-eight
Will be the last to go
From out the old school's closing gate;
No wonder, then, this class is great.
Fate hath ordained it so.

Our size is small, our number few,
(But thirty on our roll,)
Yet diamonds, of brilliant hue,
Are worth, although they're tiny too,
Full many a ton of coal.

And so in brilliancy and worth,
Our class atones for size;
Of strong, bright minds there is no dearth,
Of talents that, at will, call mirth
Or bring tears to the eyes.

Our class have Wesleyan at heart;
Its hopes are dear to them:
But when into the world we start,
We're proud and joyful to depart
From the blessed, loved, old Sem.

Junior Class History

It is not the nation whose rise has been marked by great wars and strife within itself, that taxes the ingenuity of the historian; but it is the nation whose peaceful progress has given birth to victories far greater than those of battle. Therefore, I find it a task, worthy of a more proficient pen, to do full justice to the recording of the past history of the Class of 1908, but I will attempt in this short space to relate some of the facts that belong to the splendid progress of this important class.

I need but mention that the Class of 1908 was the first class to swell the ranks of the school after its disaster of February 4, 1905; and that the Class began its work under greater difficulties than any class ever enrolled in the school. But difficulties were only opportunities for the class of 1908 to show its spunk; and the manner in which the class settled down to its work was so surprising that the faculty could not refrain from giving praise. Indeed, the respect of the faculty has been so completely won, that they decided the class of 1908 should be selected as the last class to graduate from the seminary departmnt of the college. But the reader will, no doubt, wonder to what source the class of 1908 owes its wonderful development. It will suffice to say that one of its first acts was to form an organized body of its workers and to select for its motto, "Not to follow, but to surpass;" and it was in accordance with this strong purpose that the class, after its reorganization at the beginning of the Fall Term of 1906, began preparations for the publication of the '08 Murmurmontis. Although the class was the smallest in number that had ever attempted this publication, its plans were formed and put in action so speedily that the 1907 class was still wondering if the 1908 class

would attempt a task they had found so nearly disastrous; and then, finding that the '08 Murmurmontis was nearing completion, the Seniors, to hide their chagrin, found fault with our class colors, the true Black and Blue; but, when our neat hats arrived, the Seniors bravely wore their soiled grays for a day or two, and then hid them away in the corners of their trunks.

You can easily understand why a class of such sturdy workers could not long exist in an institution of the proportions of Wesleyan College without winning for itself many honors. Thus it is that the class, when but in its Freshman year, was allotted honors heretofore only given to Seniors; and in order to show the high standard of the work done by the class, I have but to recall the fact, that, when the Juniors of the class of 1907 found themselves the principals in an auction sale, from their howls of disapproval the most distinguishable words were: "It is the work of post-graduates." The class has also always been well represented on the athletic field, and even numbers some of the star players among its ranks. In fact, it was one of these very football players that made three Seniors in the physics class glad to return his stolen hat.

The class of 1908, in seeking for one worthy to name their class after, have chosen Harvey W. Harmer, of Clarksburg, and thus have left the rut of precedence in selecting an honored person from without the school

Many other facts are worth recounting to the glory of the class of 1908, but to those who have watched the progress of the class it may be said—the class of 1908 has been like a deep river, ever moving on, but so silently that shallower streams have thought it stagnant until, in a moment of arrogance, they tried to stem the deeper stream and found, to their chagrin, that it moved on undisturbed.

Junior Class Prophecy

On a beautiful summer evening in July, while wandering slowly along the banks of the beautiful Ohio, I heard the cry of a human voice. I stopped at once and, looking about, saw a man anxiously endeavoring to overtake me. I waited to learn his mission and, in a short time, was informed that he had in his possession three large and beautiful volumes, which he wished to sell for a very small amount, but, when I examined the books, I considered the price to be an enormous one. I refused to purchase, and went on my journey.

Not many days later he came to me again with only two volumes, which he offered to sell at the same price that he had asked for all three. Again I refused to buy, and the stranger went on his way disappointed.

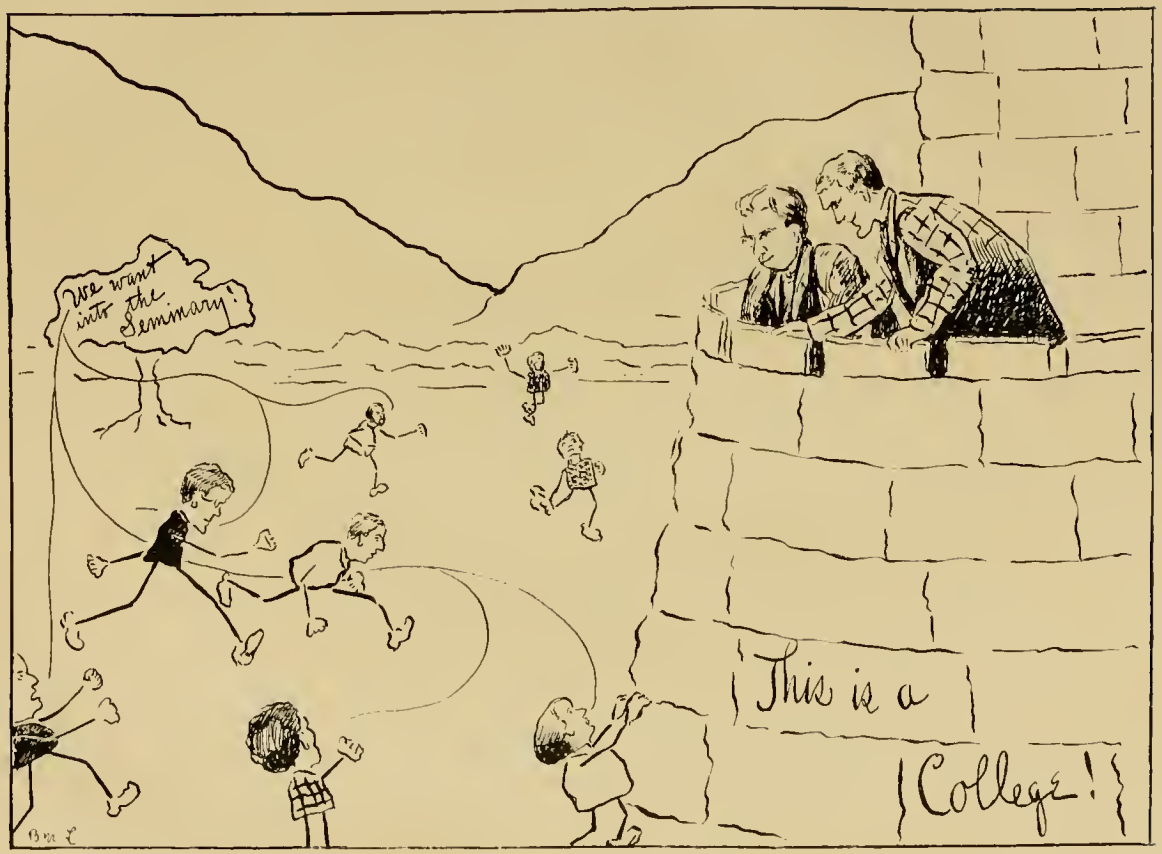
Not many days had passed until he called at my camp again with only one of the books, and asked the same price as before. Anxious to help this very odd book agent, and curious to know what might be in the book which he considered so wonderful, I purchased it. To my surprise, I found it to be the prophecy of that renowned "Harvey W. Harmer Class of 1908." I was informed that the other books that he had been so anxious to dispose of, and which he, in despair, had destroyed, were the prophecies of the College and Seminary Seniors of 1907. I then questioned him concerning the fate of these Seniors. He said they would not come to anything of importance. He also informed me that many would be kept by the state, while a few would likely get positions as street-cleaners in some of our large cities.

I then began to examine my newly purchased volume, and learned that the Harmer class would be without doubt the most distinguished class that ever was organized in Wesleyan College, and its merits had been such that no other class would be worthy to follow in its footsteps. Therefore, it had wisely been decided that the class of 1908 was to be the last of the seminary department.

The occupations of the members were of great interest to me, and may be to you. Our renowned president, Warner, is going to be the greatest philosopher of the age, even surpassing Socrates. Haller will not be a Ten-n-ant on some West Virginia farm, but will own one of the largest farms in the West. Baugher is to be the chief engineer in constructing a railroad bridge across the Behring Strait, connecting America with Asia. India will give Robinson a large field for missionary work. In the colleges the students will be endeavoring to read Wells' orations instead of Cicero's. In a few years, when you ask who are the chief educational men of the day, you will be informed that Ben Smith is president of Harvard, and Morrison at the head of Oxford. Dimmick and Thornily will do great work in electrical experiments, and will start on an expedition to find the supposed electric lights of Buckhannon. Mason and Marquess are to be bishops in foreign lands, while Smith will lecture to the Mormons of Utah. Miss Pettit is to occupy the chair of French in Wellesley, while Miss Kathryn Barnes will be a very successful music teacher in Boston Conservatory. Miss Haught's poems will be read by people of all nations, and will be considered the sweetest poems ever written. Misses Morrison and Downs are to be the leading elocutionists of the day, and will win great honors while traveling in Europe. There will go down in history the record of many victories for the American navy under the command of Admiral Arnett. Not only will there be glories won at sea, but also on land, under the direction of General Davis. When you visit the grand art exhibitions at Rome, you will find there the most beautiful paintings of Misses Barnes and Bodley. Cuba, under the rule of Governor Brake, will be prosperous, and will likely be joined to the United States, Misses Friend and Calloway will be successful missionaries in South America.

This wonderful book contained much more in regard to the future welfare of the Harmer class, which, if space would permit, it would be well to relate, but a short sketch only can be given. If the reader does not believe the prophecy, we can only say, "Time Will Tell."

Prep - Freshman Class



Prep - Freshman Class

MOTTO.

Bow-wow-wow ! ! !

COLORS.

Cow-punkin and Bull-frog.

YELL.

Yips, yips, yingle yaps,
Let's go home and stay with our Paps.
There's no place here for a horde of our size,
They won't even let us organize.

CLASS POEM.

When we git there, when we git there,
Into that classdom land so fair;
Then we'll possess a thing so rare,
And we'll be older than we air,
When we git there, when we git there.

Prep - Freshman History and Prophecy

It was Sept. 24, 1906, that all our horde rose as one man, demanding admission into classdom. At 1 p m. we gathered on the public square in front of the Court House. It had been previously announced that all should assemble in full dress, for we wished to make a great display. This order was carried out to a letter. The girls wore green dresses and sun-bonnets, and yellow complexions. All we boys, in contrast with the innate greenness, wore our yaller hats which our Paps had bought for us to wear when we hoed corn.

Just as we were about to proceed, we heard something like thunder behind us. Looking back, we saw Reed on the "Rostra," saying, in thundering tones that he had been studying history and that, like the Romans of old, he thought that important offices should be held by two, so that one might acts as a check on the other in case of tyrannic rule. We immediately saw the propriety of this, and elected Master Ben Orr as colleague for Commander-in-Chief Harry Trippett.

Soon all was in readiness and, with the tap of the ham-bone on the dish-pan by Drummer Rowlands, our invincible phalanx moved off. The weather was ideal for such an undertaking. It was drizzling rain, and there was a raw east wind blowing. The slime on the paved streets was about three inches deep, and the mud in the unpaved street was almost unfathomable. We halted but three times before we reached Florida street—once for Kinney to unlock his legs, twice for Burns Lambert to catch up; the next halt was at the Opera House sign-board at the head of Jaw Bone, where Rightmire, Doney and the Tomb Brothers examined the pictures and got Steel to read for them. A little farther up street, Trevy came out waving his bandana, clamoring for admittance. Upon being examined, he was found to be wearing other than "Government Socks," which was against our constitution. Their being taken off, Trevy was admitted. (The socks,

it is claimed, belonged to one of the Seniors, and had that morning come of their own accord to the laundry agent.) When we struck College Avenue, we were joined by Root, Anderson, Phillips, Schaeffer, and the younger Stansburys.

After halting two more times, once for Wise to say something to his mother-in-law, and once for Verner Law to rubber at a passing girl, we came in sight of the "Temple of Feelossifee." This was the most inspiring moment of our lives. Immediately Asa Moon struck up, "I Am Happy, Glory, Glory," in which our whole mob joined, and pandemonium reigned the rest of our march.

Soon we were at the front entrance of the edifice. We knocked and kicked and yelled and promised to study our primers and learn to write our names, if we might be admitted. But the door was shut, and no response came from within. The girls demanded that oracles be consulted as to the final outcome of this movement. Immediately Sonny Lambert was commanded to inquire of the auspices. After climbing to the top of a white oak tree, where he remained but a few minutes, he descended and with sorrowful bull-dog countenance said, "At least three years yet, sayeth the Olympian Ju-peter, you must study your geography and history, and wait. Even at this moment cometh the lean Wier Doctor, who will drive you away from the far-famed "Temple of Feelossifee."

Just at that moment the Doctor did come around the corner of the temple, and called out, "Disperse, ye brayers. Me pony occupies the only stall in me temple. Ye cannot enter. Call again, anywhere from '09 to '14 and you may possibly be admitted to Classdom."

We moved out into the street, and all sat quietly in the mud while Rev. Peters preached our funeral. And there we were buried, with heads bending low and hearts breaking with sorrow which we had brought upon ourselves by our own folly.

The
Music
Department
MLB 07

FREDERICK RICHARD BENSON
DIRECTOR CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

MRS. J. J. JELLEY
PRINCIPAL PIANO DEPARTMENT

The Poor Fiddler's Ode to His Old Fiddle

"Torn
Worn
Oppressed I mourn
B a d ,
S a d ,
Three-quarters mad;
Money gone,
Credit none,
Duns at door,
Half a score,
Wife in lain,
Twins again,
Others ailing,
Nurse a railing,
Billy hooping,
Betsy crouping,
Besides poor Joe,
With festered toe.
Come, then, my fiddle,
Come, my time-worn friend,
With gay and brilliant sounds,
Some sweet, tho transient solace lend.
Thy polished neck, in close embrace,
I clasp, whilst joy illumes my face,
When o'er thy strings I draw my bow,
My drooping spirit pants to rise;
A lively strain I touch—and lo!
I seem to mount above the skies.
There, on Fancy's wing I soar,
Heedless of the duns at door;
Oblivious all, I feel my woes no more;
But skip o'er the strings,
As my old Fiddle sings,
"Cheerily oh! merrily go!
"PRESTO! good master,
"You very well know,
"I will find Music,
"If you will find bow,
"From E, up in alto, to G down below."
Fatigued, I pause to change the time
For some *Adagio*, solemn and sublime.
With graceful action moves the sinuous arm,
My heart, responsive to the soothing charm,
Throbs equably; whilst every health-corroding care
Lies prostrate, vanquished by the soft melefluous air,
More and more plaintive grown, my eyes with tears o'erflow
And resignation, mild, soon smooths my wrinkled brow.
Reedy Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauto may squall,
The Serpent may grunt, and the Trombone may bawl,
But my poll,* my old Fiddle's the Prince of them all.
Could e'en Dryden return, thy praise to rehearse,
His Ode to Cecilia would seem rugged verse.
Now to thy *case*, in flannel warm to lie
Till call'd again to pipe thy master's eye.

*Apollo.

Author unknown.

MacAvoy

EVA STUART
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Piano Recital

BY

MISS EVA STUART

OF THE CLASS OF 1907.

PROGRAM.

Beethoven - - - - - -	Sonati op 27 No. 2 C minor.
Mozart - - - - - -	Fantasie in C minor.
Glinka-Balakirew - - - - -	The Lark.
Mendelssohn - - - - - -	Scherzo E minor.
Schubert - - - - - -	Moment Musical Ab.
Liszt - - - - - - -	Etude Db.
Chopin - - - - - - -	Etude C minor.
Saint Saens - - - - - -	Concerto.
	Allegro Scherzando.

Voice Culture

What a pity it is that we have no standard method of voice-culture!

Students of the piano-forte are required to master a stipulated number of five-finger exercises and etudes laid down in a graded course before they may hope to perform even the simplest forms of piano composition.

Equally arduous is the work of the beginner on violin or other orchestral instruments.

But the aspirant to vocal art finds one teacher who makes a specialty of the "Old Italian belcanto"—Another who claims the only correct "German method," and the ability to make one a "Lohengrin," an "Ortrud," an "Elsa," or a "Frederick" (as the case may be) in six month's time.

If the student seeks still another master and more confusion, he may be told that, in order to minimize the expenditure of breath, he must learn to vocalise with a lighted candle held near the lips and not cause the flame to waver; or to use a mirror similarly, without causing a film to appear on its surface; or that a pencil or piece of wood placed between the teeth will teach him to open his mouth properly.

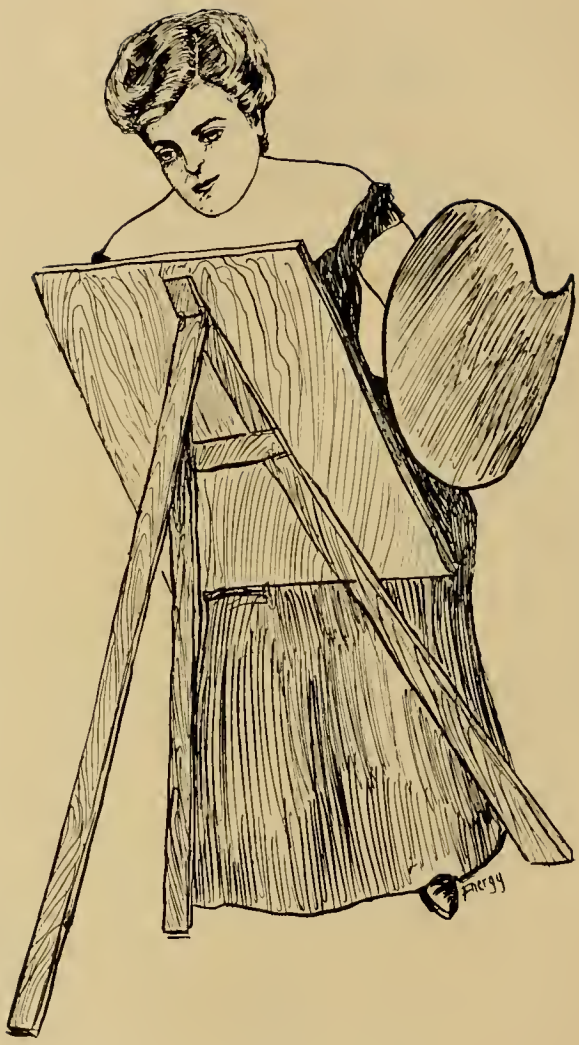
These teachers may be sincere in their efforts (I hope so) and may be successful with some voices, but their mode of attack seems incorrect. Does it not stand to reason that one might open his mouth like Caruso and still sing execrably? And is it not more sensible to strive for pure intonation, free emission, correct and easy enunciation, etc., and allow physical conditions to conform to these principles?

What we want is singers that care enough for their voices to leave their waist-muscles free and unrestricted (this for the gentler sex)—Singers that will study their songs and vocalises as faithfully as a prospective barrister does his law-books—Singers that will develop their physical and mental natures by plenty of out-door exercise and a study of all that is beautiful in nature and art.

When these conditions are effected, our standard of singing will be greatly raised, and voice-teachers will sing a Jubilate.

FREDERICK BENSON.

MUSIC



ART DEPARTMENT.

BLANCHE M. LAUCK
PRINCIPAL OF ART DEPARTMENT

EDITH SMITH
JUNIOR ART DEPARTMENT

MACAVOY

Art Department

In the fall of 1904 the Art Department was placed under new management and a firm stand taken for higher ideals and more serious work. These ideals have not been lowered nor the requirements in the latest approved methods of work lessened during the past three years, in spite of the fact that there has been much to discourage us.

At the time of the fire, February 4, 1905, the Department was in an exceptionally flourishing condition, having an unusual number of earnest students; but being thrust into small, inconvenient quarters the enrollment naturally fell off. However, an encouraging number remained with us, among them several talented, ambitious ones and the bond of sympathy which was strengthened among us because of our trial, helped us to bear up cheerfully, and will ever make the memory of those days a happy one.

In January 1906, we moved into our beautiful new studio. The following June the amount and quality of work exhibited during Commencement week testified to the earnest labor done by the few faithful ones. A handsome bronze medal was awarded Miss Mabel Pritchard for the best charcoal drawing of the Venus de Milo, independent of criticism. The exhibition as a whole was pronounced by capable judges the best one that had ever been shown in the school.

There were three reasons which led us to hope for and even confidently expect a full enrollment in our Department in the fall of 1906; first, the full enrollment at the time of the fire; second, the marked success of our efforts during the year we were without a proper place in which to carry on our work, and lastly, because we were established in our beautiful and permanent home.

We deeply regret to acknowledge our disappointment, and once more appeal to the patrons of the school and the citizens of the community and state to take a greater interest in the fine art and support our efforts.

ART STUDIO MacAvoy

MLB.
07

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

Our Department Aims

TO ENABLE students "to find themselves," and to realize their powers, possibilities and peculiarities.

TO DEVELOP artistic power, vocal, emotional, gestural, through the study of Art in general, and the Literary Art in particular.

TO DEVELOP the student to read by developing his love and appreciation of Literature.

TO DEVELOP the power of concentration in thought.

TO ASSOCIATE with all drills of voice and body corresponding mental action.

TO DEVELOP and cultivate the imagination.

TO DEVELOP and control the emotional nature.

ETHEL MILDRED CROW
PRINCIPAL OF ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT

MACAVOY

Juniors

IRETA ELANOR LOWE

LELIA MORRISON

Physical Culture Class

.FALL TERM.

Lucy Billingsley
Lelia Morrison
Isa Smith
Ruth Furguson
Ocie Downs
Kathryn Barnes
Mirian Carscaden
Ruth Mann
Mable Feather

FRESHMAN CLASS WORK.

Mable Feather
Mary Berthy
Rosco Thrasher
Ruth Carscaden
Roy Haller
Jessie Pringle
Ruth Furguson
Ethyl Pringle
Olin Skidmore
Mirian Carscaden
Lewis Miller
Allen Thrasher
Sallie Cunningham

JUNIOR CLASS WORK.

Belva Ashby
Lelia Morrison
Minnie Merrills
Ocie Downs

SENIOR CLASS WORK.

Curtis Chenonith
Ireta Lowe
Walter Stuart

PRIVATE WORK.

George Walter Peters
Chester Arthur Johnson
Eva Law
Goldie Tennant
Maude Bowman
Allen Bartlett
Floyd Hanifan
Sara Munson
Dora Friend
Alfreda Carney
Lee Frank Everhart
Harry Stansbury
Lucy Billingsley
Geneva Lowe
Jessie Conneway
William C. Pickles
C. H. Hartley
Ocie Downs
Bertha Wentling
Esther Gilmore
Chas. William Louchery
Harry A. Forman
Lelia Morrison
Amy Hall
Katherine Blair
Arthur Brown Hodges
Byron Steel
Ireta Lowe
Maida Hall

VIEW OF CHAPEL
FROM FRONT

FORMAN

VIEW OF CHAPEL
FROM REAR

FORMAN

Publications

MURMURMONTIS
Board of Editors
Paul M. Smith Editor in chief
A.P. Morrison Assistant.
W. L. Mason Business Manager
H.T. WELLS Assistant.
Associate Editors.
Kathryn Barnes Literature
Lelia Morrison Elocution
Perry Robinson Photography
Maude Barnes Music
Katharine R Blair Art.
John M. Davis Athletics
Energy.

Murmurmontis Staff

PAUL M. SMITH
Editor in Chief

W. L. MASON
Business Manager

Murmurmontis Staff

A. P. MORRISON
Assistant Editor

KATHRYN BARNES
Literature

MAUDE WILSON BARNES
Music

HARRY T. WELLS
Assistant Business Manager

PERRY ROBINSON
PHOTOGRAPHY

KATHARINE BLAIR
ART

LELIA MORRISON
ELOCUTION

JOHN M. DAVIS
ATHLETICS

Editorial

In placing before our readers Volume V of "Murmurmontis," we feel a sense of pleasure, first, because we have endeavored to follow our motto, "Not to follow, but to surpass," and second, because our work has been a pleasure and an enjoyment to us. We hope you will like the book. If you do, we shall be glad; if not, we shall be sorry. We are conscious, however, that we have done our best, and trust that you will not look upon us with too critical an eye, since "to err is human."

It is not our intention to recount our difficulties, nor to bring to mind the days of worry and sleepless nights spent in our work, but to say that if our work is enjoyed and if it is looked upon with favor, we shall feel amply rewarded for all our efforts.

In our little volume we have not only tried to show you in an interesting way the happenings of our own little world, but we have also tried to fill certain parts of our book with something new and original. Each editor has worked hard and faithfully to do his part of the work. You will find certain articles and departments that have appeared in all previous books and that are essential to complete the work. You will find fact and fiction, serious truths and humorous jokes. On the one hand you will find biographical sketches, and on the other, the comic and serious side of our school life equally portrayed.

We all enjoy school life here at Wesleyan. Here we meet our most treasured friends; here we get a glimpse of what our future life means to us and to those around us; and here we enjoy one of the happiest periods of our lives. So we hope that this volume of Murmurmontis will not only serve to strengthen this fraternal bond of love in the heart of every student, but will also awaken in the mind of every true alumnus the memory of happy days spent at Wesleyan. And if we, through our efforts, shall accomplish this, we will feel that our work has not been without some merit.

WESLEYAN
The Pharos 1908
The Pharos 1908
The Pharos.

PHAROS STAFF

MACAVOY

Pharos' Editorial

In one or two previous issues of the Murmurmontis, an account of the origin of our college monthly has been given; many phases of the paper's work have also been touched upon so that little remains for the present editor to say without repeating. We feel, however, that some thoughts can not be too often impressed upon the minds of the students and faculty.

Nothing is supposed to enter more fully into the spirit of the school or represent more accurately the work that is being done, as the student publications. Consequently, they should receive the support alike of students and faculty. It is no easy matter to edit a paper to suit everybody, yet there are certain principles upon which all agree, and so long as the editorial staff keep within bounds of those principles, there ought not to be much dissatisfaction or unfriendly criticism. We laid down, as one of these principles, in the first issue of "The Pharos," September, 1906, that we wished the paper to "point its friends to the brightest ideals and to stimulate them to their best efforts." We believe the staff have been conscientious in their respective duties in trying to maintain that standard. How far we have succeeded we allow our readers to judge.

Have we received the support that the paper should receive? We believe not. Many of the students refuse to subscribe, and alas!—how can we bear to say it,—also some of the faculty. But support does not come only by subscriptions. We must have material to fill our pages. Some good articles and two or three short stories, which brought favorable comments from Exchanges, have appeared, but at times, we have actually "hunted" for material. We have been criticised by some for not publishing more short stories, but we can not publish what has never been written, or given to us for that purpose. In order to make a bright, sparkling and useful "sheet' everyone connected with the school must feel an interest in it, and contribute to its columns the best he has, and to its treasury his subscription fee. The present management of "The Pharos" extends hearty thanks to all who have in anyway shown their interest in the work, and urge all to be more loyal to the enterprise in the future.

Editors

This long boy preacher editor was born near Cameron, West Virginia, some time ago. Since he has been in school "Mack" has done quite a lot of work for a man of size. During his Seminary years he filled the position of Business Manager "Murmurmontis," President Y. M. C. A., and one year associate editor of the "Pharos." Mack's "Irish sense of humor" has found expression in more ways than is known to the general public. But he is a man of vitality, strong character and true to the core. He will be a great man in his calling. He is a member of the Seminary '05 class and will receive his College degree in 1908.

Some years before our last war, Jacob Elbert Wells, one of our managing editors, was born in Marion county, West Virginia. He grew up much as other boys do, receiving a large portion of hard "knocks," along with the good times of boyhood. His early education he received in the county schools, and having successfully passed the teachers' examination, spent a few terms in teaching. He graduated from the Seminary in the '03 class and after spending a year riding a circuit in the West Virginia Conference, returned to the old school to finish his collegiate work. He goes out in the class of '07, receiving for his faithful work the A. B. degree, and all the credit and honor due one of his high standing as a student.

On a bright sunny day several years ago, there was great rejoicing in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hardman, at Horner, West Virginia. The cause of so much joy was the arrival, via Stork R. R., of a happy, merry-faced boy. As this boy grew up, he became the terror of the community, consequently, in the spring of 1903, there was again rejoicing at Horner, both in the Hardman home and the homes of the neighbors; for the pest of the village was now old enough to be sent away to school. Accordingly, Professor Trotter, with many doubts and misgivings, wrote upon the school roll as tho never to be erased, the name, Thomas Porter Hardman. But "Appearances are often deceitful," and the best of men may be deceived. So it was in this case, for on the roll of honor in the school at the present time, the name, Porter, stands among the first. Port is a tall, Wi(e)ry young man who believes in having his "Fling" in life. He has served faithfully as Chrestomathean Society editor of Pharos during the years '06 and '07. His other honors have been many, yet despite them all, he still seeks "Mo(o)re" worlds to conquer, and from the present indications we predict that he will be successful.

Frederick Albert Forster hails from the good old "Panhandle" in the county of Marshall. He has the characteristics of the German in that he is a man of short and heavy stature. "Fritz," as he is generally known, is always in a pleasant mood. He was one of the graduates of the '05 Seminary class, and this year takes his A. B. in the College department. "Fritz" is held high in the estimation of all the students, and proves a true friend to all his companions. For three successive years he has been an associate editor of the "Pharos," and it is thru his work that we have had the excellent notes on Excelsiorism, and this year on the Exchange. One more thing should be said of "Fritz," that is, that he is fond of little girls and his constant song is "Minnie, my Minnie." We all wish him the best of success as he leaves us, and that many times we may meet him and shake his hand as a true friend and gentleman.

At the beginning of the fall term of 1903 a pretty, dark-haired girl sought admittance into the "Ideal Home for Young Ladies." She was welcomed by the preceptress, to whom she was introduced as Miss Estella Pearl Wisman of Morgantown, W. Va. Aside from the work in the regular course, she enrolled for a fifth study in which she became quite proficient. As the Hall girls of that term will remember. After a few weeks Miss Wisman identified herself with the Excelsior Literary Society and the Y. W. C. A. Since that time she has proven a loyal and valuable member to each organization. She has served her society as Secretary and the Association in its cabinet as chairman of an important committee. She completes the Classical course of the Seminary department this year. As Hall localist because of the "Sharp" lookout for news items from the Dormitory, she has rendered excellent service.

Some time before the Twentieth Century amid the rock-ribbed hills of West Virginia there came into existence a little grey-eyed babe which was christened Kathryn Barnes. In the fall of 1905 she came from Middlebourne and enrolled as a student in the West Virginia Wesleyan College, from which she will graduate in the Literary course of the Seminary department with the class of '08. Miss Barnes is a prominent member of the Excelsior society, was Secretary of the Freshman class, and is Literature editor of the '08 Murmurmontis. As Music editor of the Pharos, she is to be commended for her reports. Miss Barnes has shown a fondness for Metals, and all indications are that she will be a Smith. We predict for her a brilliant future.

Some time in the 80's there was born in Tyler county, West Virginia, a maiden which was called Isa Blaine Smith. This little maid grew up as most preacher's children do, a little here and a little there. She entered this institution in the fall of 1903 as a student of the Conservatory of Music, from which she will graduate next year. Soon after her entrance she identified herself with the Y. W. C. A. and Excelsior Literary society, and has been a valuable member to both. During the past year Miss Smith has been President of the Y. W. C. A. and has brought the work of this organization to a greater degree of success. As editor of the Y. W. C. A. work, she has rendered excellent service. If earnestness and faithfulness count for anything in life, we predict a bright future for her.

Chester Arthur Johnson, our Y. M. C. A. editor, first opened his eyes to behold the wonders of this mundane sphere in the city of Wheeling—the home of stalwart men and beautiful women. During his youth his winters were spent in attending the public schools of his native city, and in the summer months he was employed by Mellin's Food Company. Wheeling soon became too insignificant a place for the proper development of this young man's inherent faculties, so he decided to enter the West Virginia Wesleyan College, where he might be able to make his dreams realities. In this we are confident he will succeed abundantly. Chester is a jolly good fellow, an athlete of no mean ability, an amiable friend, loyal to his school, and somewhat of a ladies' man.

Mr. Charles Henry Hartley, who is one of our illustrious Sophomores, was born in Millwood, Jackson county. His early career was spent on a farm where he acquired a wonderful knowledge of nature and her pursuits. On cold frosty mornings while standing on spots where the cows had lain, in order to keep his feet warm, little did Mr. Hartley think that in future years he and Miss Wentling would be strolling along College avenue hand in hand and thinking thoughts of love.

But alas! such things have come to be true, and Charles is one of our most faithful schemers. In the winter of 1901 Mr. Hartley entered the Seminary as a Freshman and earnestly pursued his course until he was graduated in 1905. After having taught a very successful term of school in the fall of '06 he enrolled in the W. V. W. C. to complete his course of study. Next year we wish him much success as a College student and an editor of the Pharos. Year after next we wish him the greatest success as a Senior in the West Virginia Wesleyan College.

The Excelsior society notes for the "Pharos" have been very efficiently prepared this year by Miss Flossie Snodgrass, one of the brightest and most charming girls in the Sophomore class. Miss Snodgrass entered West Virginia Wesleyan in the fall of 1901, and from that time until her graduation in '05, was very active in all phases of school life. In her senior year she held the office of Secretary of her society, also that of President in the Young Women's Christian Association. The year after her graduation Miss Snodgrass spent in teaching "the young idea how to shoot, returning to school in the fall of 1906 to enroll in the Sophomore College class, of which she is Secretary. Provided the little fellow with the bow and quiver does not aim his fiery darts in Miss Snodgrass' direction, we predict for her, in her chosen profession, school teaching, a very successful career.

In the city of Salem, West Virginia, during the latter part of the 80's, there appeared a laughing babe who was christened Charles William Louchery. Charles remained in the city of his birth for fourteen years, when he found that Salem was too small a city for a person of his ambitions, and moved to the great metropolis of Harrison county, Clarksburg. Here he attended the public school for some two years when he entered the Seminary department of the W. V. W. C. in 1905. Ever since that time we have been fortunate in having Mr. Louchery with us, and as he says, "If the immortal gods do not interfere," he will graduate with the class of 1907. During his school life here, Charles has ever been found at his post of duty. At the beginning of the present school year the management of "Pharos" asked Charles to look after the local columns of that paper. This he has done in a pleasing manner. No matter where you meet Charles Louchery, he always has a word of greeting, and this has won for him many friends.

It was in the year of 1901 that H. T. Wells, influenced by prophetic inspiration, first felt deeply the need of a higher education; and acting under the impulses of this feeling, he accordingly entered the Seminary in the fall of that year. After a short stay in our midst, he discontinued his literary pursuits and betook himself to other fields of activity, but in the spring term of 1906, the inspiration again came upon him and he re-entered these halls of learning. Since that time, he has been an active participant in many of the departments of school life. As a member of the Chrestomathean Literary society and as Vice-president of the Y. M. C. A., he is quite prominent. He is, also, an important factor in athletics, being athletic editor of the "Pharos" and having served as right halfback on the football team of 1906. Next year he completes the Scientific course of the Seminary department, and this year he as "Assistant Business Manager," is aiding his class in the compilation of the "'08 Murmurmontis." Yet, aside from these high positions of honor, he is of quite an amorous disposition, and is somewhat addicted to the habit of strolling along (by) Rhodes and lanes, and whistling his favorite song of the "Mock(ler)ing bird."

The Literary Societies

Excelsior Literary Society

Motto:

"Esse quam videre."

Colors:

Pink and Blue.

Organized September 11, 1890.

Officers:

	Fall	Winter	Spring
President,	F. A. Forster,	L. R. McCormick,	C. H. Brake,
Vice-president,	L. R. McCormick,	J. H. Cuppett,	J. T. Moon,
Secretary,	Erma Snodgrass,	Nanna Forman,	Alfreda Carney,
Treasurer,	Harry Forman,	W. H. Hartley,	E. J. Baugher,
Cor. Secretary,	Nellie Chidester,	Margaret Mockler,	Derry Perrine,
Chaplain,	H. B. Moose,	P. M. Smith,	F. A. Forster,
Chorister,	Kathryn Barnes,	Edna Rhodes,	Mabel Barbe,
Pianist,	Daisie Furbee,	Kathryn Barnes	Edna Rhodes,
Marshal	E. J. Baugher,	J. E. Wells,	Chas. Reed,
Critic,	C. H. Brake,	G. N. Steyer,	W. C. Pickles.

EXCELSIOR HALL MacAvoy

Excelsior Society Roll

1. Anderson.
2. Miss Ashby.
3. Miss Etta Barnes.
4. Miss Kathryn Barnes.
5. Miss Ballenger.
6. Baugher.
7. Clyde Brake.
8. Ford Brake.
9. Miss Bowman.
10. Miss Bibbee.
11. Miss Bertha.
12. Miss Carney.
13. Miss Chidester.
14. Chenowoth.
15. Miss Co laway.
16. Miss Calloway.
17. Cuppett.
18. Davis.
19. Miss Downs.
20. Miss Forman.
21. Forman.
22. Forster.
23. Miss Daisie Furbee.
24. Miss Hazel Furbee.
25. Miss Friend.
26. Miss Ruth Ferguson.
27. Miss Gladys Ferguson.
28. Miss Haught.
29. Garret.
30. Hall.
31. Chas. Hartley.
32. William Hartley.
33. Miss May Hardman.
34. Miss Daisie Hardman.
35. Hinkle.
36. Hoskins.
37. Johnson.
38. Jones.
39. Kinney.
40. Lambert.
41. Miss Eva Law.
42. Miss Lona Law.
43. Miss Lura Law.
44. Law.
45. Long.
46. Lowe.
47. D. L. Moon.
48. Asa Moon.
49. W. E. Moon.
50. J. T. Moon.
51. Moose.
52. Mason.
53. McCormick.
54. Miss Merrils.
55. Ben Miller.
56. Lewis Miller.
57. Moreland.
58. Morton.
59. Miss Bessie Mockler.
60. Miss Margaret Mockler.
61. Miss Morrison.
62. A. P. Morrison.
63. Miss Ida Orr.
64. Miss Pearle Orr.
65. Miss Madge Orr.
66. Miss Stella Parks.
67. Miss Mary Parks.
68. Miss Derry Perine.
69. Miss Perrin.
70. Poling.
71. Peters.
72. Pickles.
73. Postlethwait.
74. Quigley.
75. Raine.
76. Robinson.
77. Rowlands.
78. Miss Rhodes.
79. Rhodes.
80. Reed.
81. Rightmire.
82. Sidwell.
83. P. M. Smith.
84. Guy Smith.
85. Miss Isa Smith.
86. Miss Erma Snodgrass.
87. Miss Mabel Snodgrass.
88. Miss Flossie Snodgrass
89. Sharps.
90. Stuart.
91. Skidmore.
92. Miss Strader.
93. Steyer.
94. Swearingen.
95. Swecker.
96. Miss Trevy.
97. Trevy.
98. Miss Townsend.
99. Thornley.
100. A. R. Thrasher.
101. A. S. Thrasher.
102. J. E. Wells.
103. Miss Muriel White.
104. Miss Olive White.
105. Miss Wisman.
106. Miss Wooddell.
107. Miss Wentling.
108. Wise.

EXCELSIOR SOCIETY

MACAVOY

Some Excelsior History

The historian who endeavors to write the details of events that have occurred during a period of more than fifteen years by relying on his own recollection of these events, leans but upon a broken reed; and he who depends upon the minutes of a literary society is in almost as sorry a plight. But with information from the best sources available the attempt will be made to give some of the principal events in the history of the Excelsior society.

In the early days of the Seminary the literary societies absorbed practically all students' activities outside of the class-room. Athletics had not as yet become imbued with the business-like and semi-professional spirit of later years; lecture courses were irregular; the Christian associations were undreamed of; and fraternities were unknown; so that the societies were the only common meeting ground of all the forum, as it were, where Greek met Greek in the contest of developing powers, the place where the social side of students received most attention.

It was owing to this fact, perhaps more than to any other, that society rivalry was so keen. The contest for new members was at times almost heart-breaking in intensity, and often society spirit ran so high that blows were narrowly averted.

The faculty early in the fall of 1890 divided the student body equally for society purposes, permission being given any who desired to drop out. Very few dropped out, and only one or two transfers from one division to the other were made.

One division was called to meet in the small room on the first floor by the north entrance of the Seminary building. Professor J. F. Ogden, who during his life time was a sort of tutelary divinity of the society, had appointed Troy Rohrbough temporary chairman of this division, when the division was made. Mr. Rohrbough presided at the first meeting until a permanent organization was effected.

The permanent organization resulted in the election of Geo. E. Morris as President, under whose guidance began the career of the Excelsior Literary society. One of the most spirited contests in the society at that time was over the selection of a name. A small but influential party advocated the name "Owlett," but was finally outvoted by those who desired the name "Excelsior."

The society started with absolutely nothing in the way of furniture and equipment, but with plenty of faith and energy among its members. After taking possession of the hall on the second floor in the winter term of the first year, money was subscribed by the members to buy a carpet. The carpet was sewed by the ladies of the society, and stretched and tacked down by the men. Gradually chairs, tables, and other articles of furniture were acquired until in the course of years hundreds of dollars had been expended in beautifying the hall. And it must be remembered that those were the years of "hard times," when money was scarce.

In the winter term of the first year a special program was given in what was called the small chapel. This was the first special program given by either society and the Excelsior minutes show that a similar program has been given every year

since. At first little or no attempt was made to decorate the auditorium for these performances, but the rivalry between the societies gradually led to great efforts in the way of decoration, and correspondingly great expenditures. It is very much to be regretted that the minutes do not record the names of the performers on these special programs, the decisions of the judges, and other similar matters of interest.

During the first five years of the school the inter-society contest at commencement was the climax of the year's work. All thru the year the promising members were tried out, their abilities and probabilities thoroly weighed and discussed, and the strongest were picked as contestants. These contests were a most effective spur to society effort, and while there was more or less hitterness engendered, that probably was outweighed by the benefit of the stimulus thereby given to society work.

The first contest took place at the commencement of 1891. In that the Excelsior society was represented by the following: Recitation, Miss Kittie Farnsworth; essay, Miss Carrie Loudin; oration, Lyell Mullins; debate, C. B. Johnson. The Excelsiors won on essay and debate, lost on recitation, and the oration was a tie.

In 1892 the Excelsior contestants were Miss Etta Ellis for recitation Miss Winnie Brown for essay, Geo. E. Morris for oration, and S. J. Miller for debate. The Excelsiors lost every event in this contest, but it is only fair to say that Miss Ellis was a substitute for the regularly chosen contestant, with only a week or two tor preparation, and Miss Brown was taken sick a very short time before the contest, and the Excelsiors had no one at all to represent them on essay.

In 1893 for the Excelsiors, Miss Kitt'e Farnsworth recited, Miss Pearl Dorsey was essayist, G. R. Archer orator, and A. G. Hughes debater. Recitation was the only event won by the Excelsiors in this contest. As an evidence of the high feeling existing about this time, it was reported by some one that just before one of the contests, probably this one, the President of the school was overheard to tell one of the judges that unless the Chrestomatheans won the contest that society would go under, or words to that effect. Attention is called to this merely in order to make plain the hard feeling stirred up under such circumstances by the decision of this year.

In 1894 the Excelsior contestants were as follows: Recitation, Miss Nellie Howard; essay, Miss Mary Jessup; oration, G. R. Archer; debate G. R. Williamston. Again the Excelsiors won but one event—the oration.

The last contest was held in 1895, in which Miss Estelle Hall represented the Excelsiors on recitation, Miss Jessie Trotter on essay, Thos. R. Horner on oration, and G. R. Williamson on debate. In this contest the Excelsiors won recitation, oration, and debate.

At this time such hitter charges were made of favoritism in the selection of the judges that the faculty announced that in the future no judges would be allowed in the inter-society contest.

At some time during the next year both societies, being of the opinion that a contest without judges would be no contest at all, agreed by vote not to enter a contest without judges; but later in the year the Chrestomatheans retracted and notified the faculty that they would enter such a contest. The Excelsiors, however, standing by their first action, the faculty gave the Chrestomatheans, presumably as a reward of merit, permission to have a program of their own on contest night. These programs at commencement were given for several years by that society, but the Excelsiors, who once or twice asked permission to have a night for a similar program were refused, presumably as a punishment for being so refractory.

It is to be regretted that there are no more contests, as they undoubtedly would add greatly to the interest taken in society work.

From the beginning the Excelsior society has enjoyed the reputation of being composed of hard workers—students who were in school and society for the good they could get out of both, and not merely to have a good time. The society has had but little use for those who care for nothing but fun and pleasure, and has preferred that all such go otherwhere.

On February 4, 1905, the Seminary building was burned; but the records piano, and most of the furniture were saved. The society held its meetings in the chorus room of Music Hall until the new building was completed, when it took possession of its new room on the south side of the building at the beginning of the spring term in 1907. Then provision had to be made for new carpet and chairs, which was done by subscription; and it was gratifying to observe that the members were just as loyal and generous at this time as were those of the first year. And as long as that spirit animates the members, there need be entertained no fears for the destiny of the Great Society.

A list of Presidents is appended, with the hope that it may prove of interest:

	Fall.	Winter.	Spring.
1890-91	Geo. E. Morris,	A. B. Carper.	C. B. Johnson,
1891-92	S. B. Blair,	A. W. Chambers,	A. G. Hughes
1892-93	J. S. Harvey,	Roy Reger,	J. E. Tomblyn,
1893-94	Orie McConkey,	W. S. Morris,	C. I. Zirkle,
1894-95	A. L. Post,	W. L. Hammond,	G. R. Williamson,
1895-96	H. E. Hutson,	W. R. Gorby,	George Shahan,
1896-97	J. L. McMillan,	Frand Freeland,	William Blair,
1897-98	B. F. Williamson,	W. E. Craig,	E. L. Long,
1898-99	E. M. Hall,	E. E. Trotter,	Homer Williams,
'99-1900	S. E. W. Burnside	S. H. Ritter,	T. S. Sharpnack,
1900-01	C. G. Farr,	J. E. Shrader	Miss Lida Six,
1901-02	G. W. Ford,	J. F. Throckmorton,	J. M. Thomson
1902-03	C. E. Goodwin,	C. W. Post,	L. M. Barnard,
1903-04	J. R. Franklin,	Jesse F. Williams,	F. R. Hall,
1904-05	J. F. Shreves,	L. F. Everhart,	Chas. H. Hartley,
1905-06	J. E. Wells,	S. E. Zirkle,	G. N. Steyer,
1906-07	Fred. A. Forster,	Leur McCormick,	H. C. Brake.

ROY REGER, '93.

Chrestomathean Literary Society

FALL TERM OFFICERS

MACAVOY

ARNETT	HARRAH	MILLER	STATHERS	SWISHER
Marshal	Treasurer	Corresponding Sec'y	President	Chorister

MISS GROSE	CRICKARD	MISS BLAIR	LOUCHERY
Pianist	Vice-Pres.	Sec'y	Critic

WINTER TERM OFFICERS

MacAvoy

LOYD	CRICKARD	STATHERS	CUNNINGHAM	BRAKE
Marshal	Critic	Cor. Sec'y	Treasurer	Chorister

JONES	MISS GROSE	MISS GILMORE	STANSBURY
Vice-President	Pianist	Secretary	President

SPRING TERM OFFICERS

MacAvoy

SWISHER
Marshal

CUNNINGHAM
Chorister

WARD
Vice-Pres.

HARDMAN
President

PARRISH
Corresponding Secy.

CARNEY
Treasurer

MISS POLLOCK
Pianist

MISS BARNES
Secretary

JONES
Critic

Chrestomathean Roll

1. Ashworth.
2. Arnett.
3. Bartlett.
4. Barnett.
5. Miss Barnes.
6. Miss Billingslea.
7. Miss Bodley.
8. Miss Blair.
9. Brake.
10. Brown.
11. Boggs.
12. Miss Ruth Carskadon.
13. Miss Carscadon.
14. Carney.
15. Clark.
16. Crickard.
17. Casto.
18. Cunningham.
19. Davis.
20. Dimmick.
21. Doney.
22. Miss Davies.
23. Miss Evans.
24. Miss Elvin.
25. Miss Fisher.
26. Miss Feather.
27. Miss Foley.
28. Miss Gilmore.
29. Miss Grose.
30. Miss Groves.
31. Graham.
32. Harris.
33. Grosscup.
34. H. Hodges.
35. Henderson.
36. Hall.
37. Haller.
38. Hanifan.
39. Harrah.
40. Hardman.
41. Ira Hardman.
42. Miss Hendrickson.
43. Henderson.
44. Hodges.
45. Ice.
46. B. Ice.
47. Jarvis.
48. Miss Jackson.
49. Jones.
50. Knotts.
51. Lloyd.
52. Law.
53. Lodge.
54. Miss Lowe.
55. Louchery.
56. Marquess.
57. McWhorter.
58. Mearns.
59. Miller.
60. Mick.
61. Morris.
62. Miss Moore.
63. McCue.
64. Roy Parish.
65. Chas. Parish.
66. Miss Paugh.
67. Payne.
68. Miss Pettit.
69. Phillips.
70. Pickens.
71. Miss Pollock.
72. Miss Pritchard.
73. Rice.
74. Miss Rexroad.
75. Root.
76. Roberts.
77. Miss Ride.
78. Miss Riggs.
79. Shultz.
80. Shaffer.
81. Sigler.
82. Singleton.
83. Smith.
94. Steel.
85. Herbert Stansbury.
86. Harry Stanshury.
87. Fred Stansbury.
88. Stathers.
89. Miss Sharps.
90. Swisher.
91. Miss Shaw.
92. Miss Teter.
93. Miss G. Tennant.
94. Miss M. Tennant.
95. Trippet.
96. Max Tomb.
97. Rex Tomb.
98. Warner.
99. Wells.
100. Wentz.
101. White.
102. Wilson.
103. Winfield.
104. Ward.
105. Miss Weir.
106. Miss Mabel Weir.
107. Miss Winchester.
108. Miss Woodruff.
109. Miss Mary Woodruff.
110. Miss Young.

CHRESTOMATHEAN HALL FORMAN

Chrestomathean Literary Society

In the fall of 1890 there was organized among a few students of the West Virginia Conference Seminary a literary society to which was given the name Chrestomathean. For its meeting place, a room on the norh side of the old "Sem." was selected, and here every week of the school years, until February, 1905, the members of the society continued to meet. As the years between 1890 and 1905 passed, the membership increased until, from the small enrollment of charter members, the roll had lengthened to include more than one hundred members; for quantity and quality were combined and this union is what led to the success to which the society attained.

In the midst of one of its most prosperous years, namely, that of 1905, the society suffered one of the greatest misfortunes that can come to any organization; for on February 4th of that year, along with the old "Sem." building, the hall of Chrestomatheanism went up, so to speak, in smoke. Not only did we lose the hall which to so many West Virginians was the dearest spot in the school; for with it, when it burned, went every article of adornment, together with the rolls and records. To say that the loss to the Chrestomathean society would be great, would be to express it lightly, but there was one element which carried it thru and placed it once more on the road to success, and that was the spirit of Chrestomatheanism. Before the power of this spirit all misfortunes are forgotten, and thus it was that out of the ashes of the old hall there arose a greater and a grander. We had lost our hall and its adornments, but the love for the old society still remained, and, with this ever uppermost in the hearts of the new as well as the old students, Chrestomatheanism could not die out; and today within the new College building, once more on the north side, as in the days of the "Sem.," there is another hall, better equipped for the uses of a society than the old one, and here it is that the home of the Chrestomathean society has been establishd.

Out of defeat comes victory, and thus it was that out of our misfortune and temporary defeat by the flames, as a society we arose and claimed the victory. Beneath the tread of Chrestomatheanism all foes have been vanquished, and today as we stand and survey the work of our society, we are justly proud; proud not because of what we alone have done, but because of what the society as a whole has accomplished, with our motto, "Virtute et Labore" ever before us, the society has accomplished great things in the past, and now as we stand with the school year of 1906-07 passing swiftly away and nearing its close, and look into the future, we cannot but see great things before us. If the past has been great, and we can justly say that it has, so in proportion to the past accomplishments those of the future must be indeed great.

As before the dawn, comes the greatest darkness, so our society, having past thru the darkness of misfortune, stands with the dawn of prosperity breaking over it, and in the brilliancy of this dawn we stand a society united under one banner, and across that banner is written "Virtute et Labore."

FORMAN

Business Department

PROF. GEO. W. BROYLES

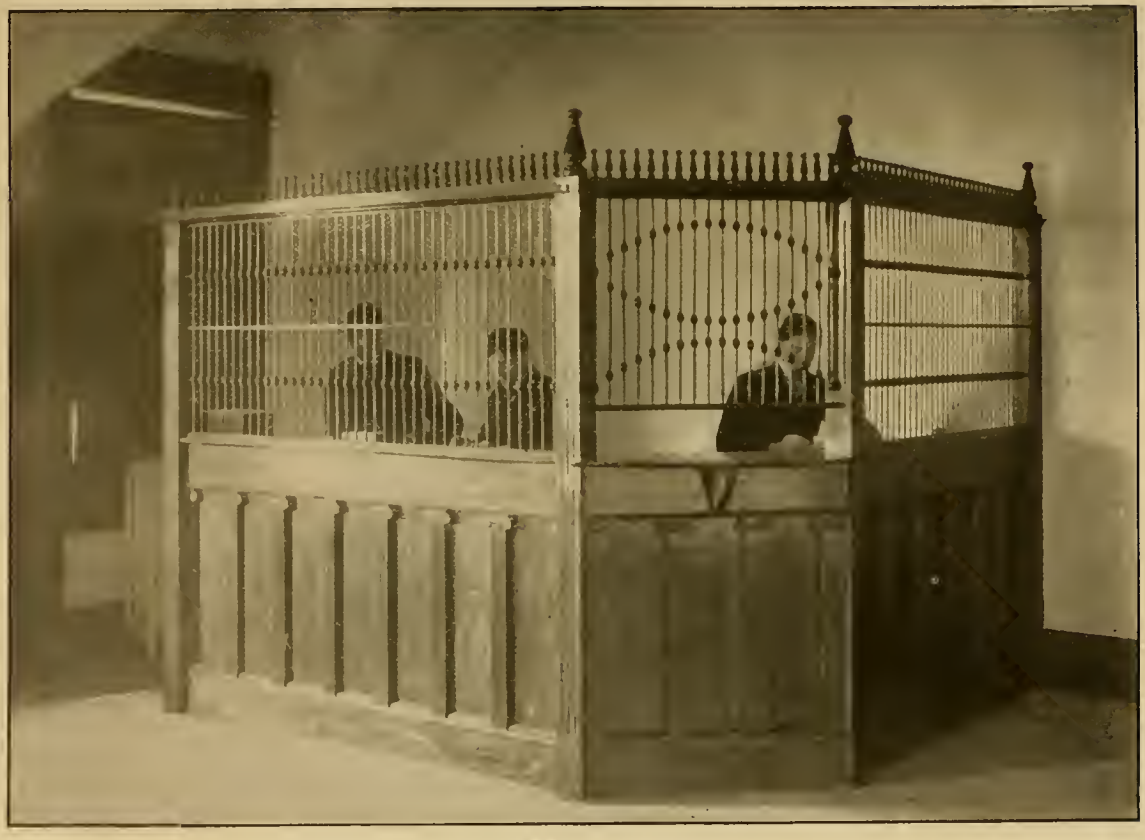
PRINCIPAL OF BUSINESS DEPARTMENT
AND TREASURER OF THE COLLEGE

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

FORMAN

TYPEWRITING ROOM

FORMAN



COMMERCIAL BANK

FORMAN

Faculty Meeting

Two days later, Monday, October 15, our eleven, tired and sore from their exertions of the previous Saturday, played Ohio university at Athens, Ohio, the game terminating in a victory for the home team, a victory, however, which was won not wholly by superior playing.

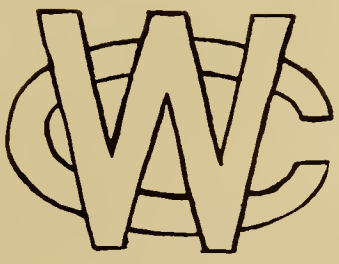
After these games followed a hard fought battle with the Tiger Athletic association a heavy and efficient team of Clarksburg. This was indeed a closely contested game, but a game which was won for the Tigers by a double streak of good luck, or in other words, as it were by accident; two touchdowns being made in the second half by the Clarksburg team.

Then came an interesting game with West Virginia University at Morgantown. The university boys were both heavier and more experienced than our eleven, but throughout the game our boys frequently held the Varsity for downs and made some very good gains through and around their self-considered invincible line. The final score was 54 to 4 in favor of W. V. U., our score of 4 being made by a very pretty field-goal by Capt. Graham.

Later followed an intensely interesting and exciting game with the Morgantown Second Team. A large and enthusiastic crowd watched the struggling mass of humanity move up and down the gridiron, with but little apparent advantage to either side. Each half was one continued struggle, with the ball generally near the center of the field; and never, during the entire game, was the ball advanced across either goal.

Then the fates decreed that the proud spirits of the Davis and Elkins eleven should be humbled at the hands of the Wesleyan boys, and a Thanksgiving game at Elkins with a score of 21 to 4 in favor of W. V. W. C., was the result.

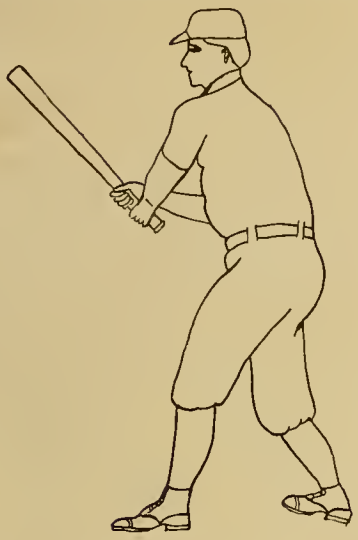
This was the last of our series, except the Senior-School game, an animated contest between the Sem. Seniors and the other classes of the school. The struggle was fiercely contested, each side from the very beginning, feeling assured of victory. The game was witnessed by a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators mostly students, who never failed to manifest their feelings for their chosen side whenever one of the many exciting plays were made. Neither side succeeded in scoring a point, altho each side in that last half made a desperate, but vain effort to gain what to them, an hour before, had seemed a certain victory.



VARSITY FOOT BALL SQUAD

MacAvoy

Base Ball Line Up 1907



Pitchers.—Orr, Sharps, Herbert Stansbury, Ashworth.
Catchers.—Poling, Swisher.
Short.—Sigler, Harry Stansbury.
First.—Barnes, Crickard.
Second.—Pickens, Waters.
Third.—Graham, Pifer.
Left.—Miller, Fred Stansbury.
Middle.—Arnette, Long.
Right.—Dailey, Fowkes.

BASE BALL SCHEDULE 1907.

W. V. W. C. vs. W. V. U. at Morgantown, April 12 and 13.
" " Davis Elkins at home, April 16 and 17.
" " Clarksburg League at home, April 26 and 27.
" " Marietta College at home, May 23 and 24.
" " Davis Elkins at Elkins, May 11.
" " Bethany College at home, May 16 and 17.
" " Morris Harvey at home, May 21 and 22.
" " Grafton Y. M. C. A. at home, June 4 and 5.
" " Marshall College at home, June 11 and 12.

Tennis

Tennis is one of our most popular games. It has had its earnest devotees for many years, many of whom have been college students. There are several good reasons why this game is popular among young people. It is a clean, healthy, physical exercise, and has in it none of the rough nor dangerous features of some other outdoor sports. Tennis provides a variety of movements which tend to an all round physical development without any undue strain on any one set of muscles. A quickness of decision and of movement is acquired by tennis players more than by baseball or football players. Tennis is a game for everyone —boys, girls, men, and women. It is well adapted either to the country home or to the city home, as it is an outdoor game yet requires but little space for its accomodation. The necessary apparatus is not expensive, the game can be played either by two or four persons male or female. Tennis appeals to the student who wants a pastime that will give him the needed exercise to keep up his health.

Tennis is fairly well patronized at the West Virginia Wesleyan College, altho it is, like track athletics and basket ball, slighted for baseball and football. The same persons play tennis every term. This speaks well for the game, as no one seems to grow tired of it. The two double courts are nearly always occupied on good days for the fall and spring terms. Scientific tennis is not engaged in frequently. The game seems to be popular simply as a pastime or exercise.

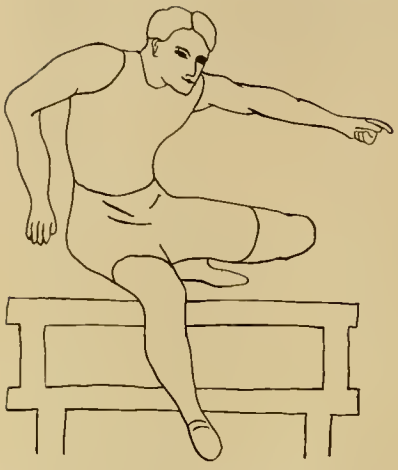
BASKET BALL TEAM MacAvoy

Basket Ball

This game still holds its high position among the athletics of our school. Altho it has not been played much publicly, it is still considered an important element in physical culture. Basketball is generally played here during the winter term, but as we did not have a room sufficiently large enough for it this year, no public games were played. Very few of our students participate in this healthful and enjoyable pastime, altho it is neither so dangerous nor so rough as some of our athletics.

Basketball games have always drawn large crowds and were always as interesting as our football or baseball games. Many interesting games have been played among the girls, and it is hoped that the old fire of enthusiasm will be rekindled, and that many more enjoyable games will be played, not only with our own teams, but with teams from other schools.

Track Athletics



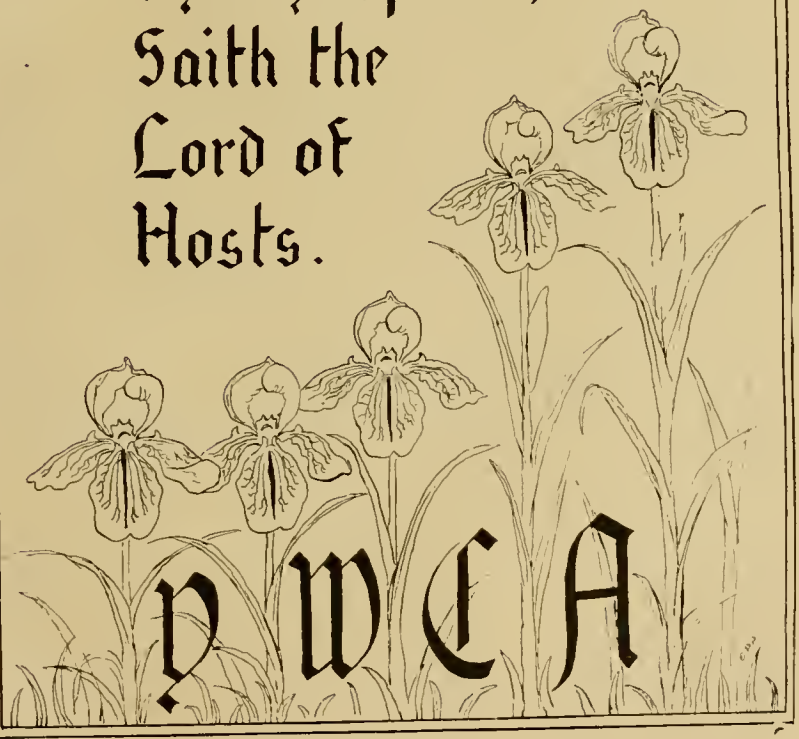
Track athletics is a branch of college sports which has never been much more than discussed in this school, and is unfamiliar to many students. Many who do not care for baseball, football, tennis, or basketball, might be led to take a great interest in this form of athletics, and even to participate in some of the track events.

Track athletics do not all consist in running, as is sometimes supposed, but of weight throwing, shot putting, discus and hammer throwing, jumping, hurdling pole-vaulting, then the better known running events, as the 100, 220, and 440 yard dashes, and the relay, quarter, half and mile runs. The Marathon and cross country running is hardly a branch of college athletics, as very few college men are equal to a run of from ten to twenty-five miles.

The reason that the interest in track athletics has not been advanced more rapidly here is the lack of necessary equipment. Altho we have the ground space on our athletic field all the obtainable money is expended on the baseball and football fields, instead of for the laying off of a quarter mile track. If we had the track, the team would not be long in putting in an appearance, for there are several men in the school who are not in any branch of athletics, who are desirous of taking up training on track team work. These men could make good at the shorter distance runs, the jumps, and weight putting events, at least.

For successful training in track athletics, as well as in other athletic sports, a well equipped gymnasium is very essential. Until the school wakes up and does more for athletics along the line of a gymnasium, a track, and encouragement toward inter-collegiate contests, we will not be able to be what a school of our size and importance should be in the athletic world. As it is at present, those wishing to train in running and other track team work, or even to get enough exercise to keep in good physical condition, must hie themselves to the woods and country roads. Many colleges of one or two hundred students have a good gymnasium and a track team. Why cannot we have these? We may have a track team, at least, for that is in the hands of the students themselves.

Not by might,
Nor by power,
But by my spirit,
Saith the
Lord of
Hosts.



Y W C A

Y. W. C. A. Roll

Lilian Wooddell.
Flossie Snodgrass.
Nativa Ballinger.
Daisie Furbee.
Nanna Forman.
Minnie Merrells.
Pearle Wisman.
Maude Bowman.
Alfreda Carney.
Isa Smith.
Mabel Barbe.
Lelia Morrison.
Hazel Furbee.
Bertha Wentling.
Grace Strader.
Dora Friend.
Belva Ashby.
Kathryn Barnes.
Edna Rhodes.
Maud Barnes.
Esther Haught.
Emma McKean.
Lelia Sigler.

Gertrude Davies.
Jessie Evans.
Goldie Tennant.
Myrtie Calloway.
Nellie Chidester.
Catherine Blair.
Maggie Parks.
Stella Parks.
Ruth Carskadon.
Miriam Carskadon.
Mabel Snodgrass.
Essie Baker.
Ruth Mann.
Ethel Crow.
Margaret Mockler.
Bessie Mockler.
Helen Wood.
Olive Trevy.
Clara Goheen.
Muriel White.
Nelle Ankrom.
Hattie Sharps.
Winifred Bumgardner.

Goldie Beahler.
May Hardman.
Lillie Riggs.
Lura Law.
Ada Rider.
Lona Law.
Grace Wyman.
Phyllis Perrin.
Mamie Young.
Blanche Lauck.
Eva Broyles.
Olive White.
Ethel Nickols.
Nellie Ownby.
Jessie Conaway.
Pearle Orr.
Lenora Rexroad.
Nellie Lewis.
Glenna Perrine.
Derry Perrine.
Lulu Stump.
Mary Parks.
Gladys Doney.

Y. W. C. A. CABINET MacAvoy

The Young Women's Christian Association
Its Value

The girl who, during her college days, has taken advantages of the opportunities offered through membership of the Young Women's Christian Association has gained something of intrinsic value. By doing this she has not neglected her class work or any of the outside elements that broadened her education. While on the other hand, the girl who has been among the best in her classes, loyal to her literary society, and has attained a degree of success in other lines and yet has not gotten the benefits derived from the Christian work, has in a large measure failed. For which is of more importance—the development of the mental or the spiritual?

Although the Christian Association of the West Virginia Wesleyan College has been an organization of only a few years, yet many girls have been brought into a fuller knowledge of God, and what it means to be active in His service.

The one aim of our Y. W. C. A. is winning souls, then training them for service. In this way strong characters are formed, such as will stand the test against the worldly influences which are sure to come with greater force after one has been under such influences as exist in a Christian College.

The work this year has proved very helpful, and, while the results are not as great as was hoped for, yet there is much consolation in the thought that some seed may have fallen where it will grow and bring forth the harvest in later years. The honest effort has not been made in vain—so results are left in the hands of our Heavenly Father.

Our prayer for the Y. W. C. A. is that in the coming years it will continue to grow until its influence reaches every young woman who enters this school.

The King's Daughters Circles

Hand in Hand Circle.

Grace Strader.
Bertha Mae Wentling.
Essie Baker.
Virginia Bibbee.
Stella Gross.
Angileen Bodley.
Daisy Wells Furbee.
Margaret Eleanor Mockler.
Hazel Furbee.
Ethel Nichols.
Lulu Sigler.
Lillian Curry Wooddell, President.

Good Samaritan Circle.

Isa Smith.
Grace Smoot.
Mary Bertha.
Lelia Morrison.
Derry Perrine.
Goldie Tennant.
Hattie Sharps.
Alfreda Carney, Pres.

Whatsoever Circle.

Mabel Barbe.
Maud Bowman.
Lura Law.
Dora Frieud.
Belva Ashby.
Maude Barnes.
Kathryn Blair.
Myrtle Calaway.
Olive Trevy.
Miriam Carskadon.
Ruth Carskadon.
Lona Law.
Eva Law.
Mamie Young.
Ada Rider.
Goldie Beahler.
Winifred Bumgardner.
Nancy Forman, Pres.

Sunbeam Circle.

Gertrude Davies.
Gladys Fergusoa.
Daisie Hardman.
May Hardman.
Nellie Lewis.
Minnie Merrells.
Phyllis Perrin.
Edna Rhodes.
Lillie Riggs.
Flossie Snodgrass.
Pearle Wisman, Pres.

The King's Daughters

One of the most important phases of the religious life among the young women of our college is the organization known as the "King's Daughters." It is impossible to estimate the great spiritual good accomplished each year through this union of the Daughters of the King, because the girls are more willing and eager to obey the King's commands when they realize that they are His Daughters.

This organization is separate from the Young Women's Christian Association, with the exception of the tie of Christian sisterhood. In the Ladies' Hall there are four Circles of the King's Daughters: the Sunbeam, Hand In Hand, Good Samaritan, and Whatsoever, having a total membership of about forty young women. The devotional meetings of the various circles are held in the girls' rooms. It is in these "heart to heart" talks that the glorious presence of a risen King appears to the waiting souls of the Daughters, and they are given faith, strength, and courage to work for the advancement of His earthly kingdom, realizing more and more the power in the motto He has given, that all things can be accomplished "In His Name." The purpose of the King's Daughters is shown in this stanza of their song:

"To help the weary to Thy rest,
To heal and comfort earth's distressed,
To show the world we love Thee best,
We wear Thy cross, our Lord and King."

Y. M. C. A. CABINET MacAvoy

Y. M. C. A. Roll

1. Anderson.
2. Baugher.
3. Bartlett.
4. Brake, H. E.
5. Blake.
6. Barnett.
7. Carney.
8. Cuppett.
9. Chenoworth.
10. Davis, J .M
11. Dimmick.
12. Everhart.
13. Forster.
14. Forman.
15. Garrett.
16. Grosscup.
17. Harrah.
18. Hartley, W. H.
19. Hartley, C. H.
20. Hodges.
21. Hefner.
22. Hinkle.
23. Hall, R. V.
24. Hoskins.
25. Hall F. D.
26. Haller.
27. Johnson.
28. Kinney.
29. Law, V. V.
30. Law, Clyde.
31. Lowe.
32. Long.
33. Loyd.
34. Lambert.
35. Marquess.
36. Mason.
37. Moose.
38. Morland.
39. Morton.
40. Miller, L. H.
41. Miller, B. M.
42. Moon, D. L.
43. Moon, J. T.
44. Moon, W. E.
45. Peters.
46. Pickens.
47. Postlethwait.
48. Quigley.
49. Raine.
50. Robinson.
51. Rowlands.
52. Rice.
53. Reed.
54. Rhodes.
55. Roe.
56. Singleton.
57. Skidmore.
58. Smith, P. M.
59. Steyer.
60. Swearingen.
61. Stockert.
62. Stewart.
63. Steele.
64. Swecker.
65. Sigler.
66. Sidwell.
67. Thorniley.
68. Thrasher, A. R.
69. Thrasher, A. S.
70. Warner.
71. Wells, J. E.
72. Wells, H. T.
73. Wise.
74. White.
75. Young.

Y. M. C. A. Historical Sketch

As the Young Men's Christian Association is now in its eighth year, a few facts and figures will perhaps be interesting. November 27, 1900, President Weir addressed the Ministerial Association, bringing before the members the advantages of the Y. M. C. A. Then, on December 4, J. W. Mahood, the president of the Ministerial Association, spoke on the same subject and a resolution was passed favoring the organization of a Y. M. C. A. Mr. Geo. F. Tibbitts, Y. M. C. A. Secretary for Maryland, West Virginia, Delaware, and the District of Columbia, was invited to visit the school. Mr. Tibbitts came and, on the evening of December 15, 1900, addressed a general meeting of the students. At the close of the address, the young men interested were invited to remain. An organization was effected with 22 charter members. The following officers were then elected: President, C. G. Farr; Vice-President, H. E. Shrader; Recording Secretary, E. M. Compton; Corresponding Secretary, F. M. Thomson; Treasurer, W. H. Franklin. At the close of the election encouraging addresses were made by Miss May Ester Carter (Then Preceptress), Dr. Weir, Prof. Trotter, and Mr. Tibbitts.

The Association has had the following presidents: '00-'01, C. G. Farr; '01-'02, F. M. Thomson; '02-'03 and '03-'04, C. E. Goodwin; '04-'05, Roy McCusky; '05-'06, B. W. Roberts; '06-'07, J. E. Wells, and the present incumbent (for '07-'08) is D. L. Moon. Under these several administrations the association has had a constant growth. Since its organization, 248 men have been enrolled as members. The present membership is 98. This year the Bible Study enrollment has reached 67 and the Mission Study, 70. As a result of the meetings held in February, 1907, under the auspices of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. there were 20 conversions—5 young women, and 15 young men.

For three years the Y. M. C. A., has had the management of the Lecture Course which is now on a good financial basis.

Both financially and spiritually the association is in excellent condition and will become more and more a factor for good in the College. The College has been marked for its Christian zeal. Let us be its inspired by our history and may all who are connected with the school become more and more zealous in winning souls to Christ.

MISSION CLASS

MacAvoy

THIRD AND FOURTH YEAR BIBLE CLASSES

MacAvoy

SECOND YEAR BIBLE CLASS

MacAvoy

FIRST YEAR BIBLE CLASS

MacAvoy

Why not? Surely we need it.

Literature

ON THE CAMPUS FORMAN

Transition from Seminary to College

When the Seminary was organized and its courses of study outlined in 1890, it was the wish of many of its friends and promoters and of its Trustees to outline and put into operations at once full College courses, and to elect a Faculty competent to carry them through. For many years before the establishment of the school, the Conference had deeply felt the need of an institution in which recruits for the ministry, and the young people of the church, could be educated at home, inasmuch as many who went outside of the State for educational advantages never returned but took up work elsewhere. This made it all the more advisable to start College work at once, but, when the time for the opening came, those to whom this important work was entrusted deemed it best to begin modestly and for a time to do only Academic work and to prepare students for College; this plan seemed to be wiser as there were no funds available with which to secure a College Faculty and there were no students far enough advanced for College classes. For four years this plan was followed and only Seminary or Preparatory work was attempted. It was apparent all this time, however, that many young people would still drop away from us, as all who desired the benefits of a full College course in a school under the auspices of the church were obliged to go outside the State for this, and consequently many did not return; so in the fall of 1894 classes were organized in certain lines of work corresponding to that outlined now in our Freshman and Sophomore

years. This again was all that was attempted for seven or eight years, and the advanced students continued to leave us. For this reason the Board of Trustees, at its meeting in 1904, authorized the Faculty to offer full College courses, and to confer the proper degrees on all who completed them. Then commenced the hardest task of all, that of transition from Seminary to College in full. Such a transition cannot take place at once by a mere order of the Board of Trustees, but must be a matter of growth through years. Those who had entered the Seminary Course must complete that, and College students must start at the bottom and grow up with the courses of study, and, in the meantime, those who had completed the Seminary course and wanted to go on to the degree must be aocomodated; to this end the expedient was adopted of adding to the Seminary courses enough work to bring the students up to the requirements for the degree. In this way the break has been bridged over in a somewhat disconnected, but yet tolerably satisfactory way, and with the class of 1908, the Seminary will pass out of existence and the classes that have already entered the new Preparatory course will advance into the new College course. By this arrangement it happens that the classes of 1905, '06, '07, and '08 are double classes, that is, composed of Seminary classes and transitional College classes; thus the class of 1908 will graduate as the Eighteenth and last Seminary class, and along with it will graduate the Fourth College class.

F. B. Trotter.

The Romance of the Sea

Sunset on the Pacific! The great ocean lay calm and peaceful in the red glow of the evening, as though, weary from the voices of the waves, it had hushed them to sleep. As the sun dropped lower and lower into the ocean, a great band of gold appeared upon the water, binding together earth and sea. Mountain-like clouds with tintings of red and gold formed the background of this most beautiful of Nature's paintings—a sunset.

Where the golden band of light touched the shore, a rugged promontory lifted its rocky front above the sea, and the evening light revealed the figure of a man, standing motionless upon the edge of this cliff. The figure was that of Shawatah, the handsomest young Indian of his father's tribe. The old chief, Osseo, was proud of his son, as was all the tribe; for he had a great influence over the people, and, although younger than most of the braves, was the greatest warrior of them all.

As he stood there looking out over the gleaming waters, he was thinking of a conversation he had had that morning with his grandmother, old Wawona, while she worked busily at weaving her baskets.

She had said, "My Shawatah, soon you will be bringing a wife to share the wigwam with me, and may you bring one that will cheer me. Do not wed a Choctaw maiden; they do not love our people."

"O Wawona! mother of my mother, fear not that I will bring to you an idle daughter. You may rest in peace many moons, for, as yet, I have loved no woman so much that I would make her my wife," Shawatah had replied, laughingly.

"Nay, nay," responded old Wawona in a serious tone, "Hear this story, Shawatah, which is told only to the son of the chief. If, some evening when the great sun makes a path of gold across the ocean, you follow this pathway in

your canoe, you will find, just as the sun drops into the water, another canoe drifting along the pathway, and in it an Indian maiden whom you will recognize at once as being the one of your dreams. This is the legend that has been handed down from father to son; but not many braves will attempt the journey, for it has many dangers. Often the braves, trying to return, have lost their way in the darkness. Some say that everything depends upon the condition of the ocean, while others believe that the great Father of the sea, rejoicing in the happiness of the young lovers, and wishing to save them from the sorrows that will be theirs if they return to the tribe, draws them beneath thewaves where they may dwell forever in the happy hunting grounds. But, my Shawatah,, you are strong and brave, and since you will wed no one here, I advise you to sail down the pathway of the sun, till you find the maiden of your choice," and the old squaw, rising hastily, entered the wigwam.

So Shawatah pondered over this story as he stood on the cliff, looking across the waters, which, according to the legend, held his future happiness in their depths. On the beach below his light canoe was moored, waiting his decision. Dare he go? Was he brave enough to risk so much? At last with quick steps he descended the cliff and, entering the canoe, pushed off from shore.

In the Pacific Ocean, several miles from the main land, is a large island, which at the time of this story was inhabited by a tribe of Indians. These simple Indian people never dreamed that there was a great land lying across the water, for to them the island was the earth. They could not make long voyages on the ocean to discover new lands, as their canoes were not able to stand the force of the waves. So the tribe lived on, raising up generation after generation of their people. Their present chief was a stern old Indian, whose whole life was wrapped up in his only child, a young girl of about nineteen years of age. He could well be proud of such a daughter, for she was the flower of her tribe. Very tall and graceful was the princess Owanee, with delicately chiseled features, a dark, but not swarthy complexion, deep black eyes, and a wealth of straight black hair, which fell over her deer-skin robes like a mantle.

The favorite amusement of Owanee was to ride the waves in her shell-like canoe near the shore where her father's wigwam was placed.

One afternoon, while out in her canoe, she grew tired of paddling, so, letting the boat drift, she leaned her head upon her hands and gazed intently into the water, wondering what secrets it concealed beneath its dark surface. Soon the rocking motion of the boat caused her to fall asleep. Slowly the boat drifted away from the shore, and the light of the sunset fell with a soft radiance upon the face of the sleeping maiden.

Meanwhile, Shawatah's canoe was gliding rapidly over the water, as he watched anxiously for any sign of the boat which should contain his bride. Soon a tiny black spek appeared upon the water. With swift strokes Shawatah sent his boat dancing over the waves, till soon it was by the side of the strange canoe, and he was gazing in wonder and admiration upon the beautiful Indian girl.

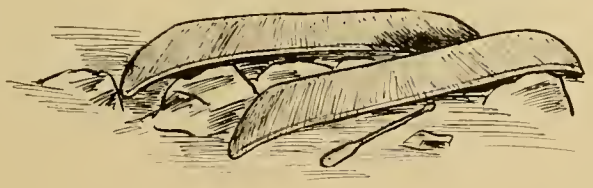
Awakened by the touch of his hand upon her cheek, Owanee sat up in the canoe, staring around her with affrighted eyes.

"I am Shawatah," said the handsome stranger. Then he told her the legend of his people, and that he loved her. Would she go with him to the wigwam where Wawona patiently waited a daughter?

Owanee, realizing that this stalwart brave was the one she had often pictured in her dreams, cheerfully consented to return with him to his people.

But when Shawatah undertook to return by the golden path whence he had come, he found that it had vanished. The sun had set, and darkness was upon the two. That night their canoe capsized in the storm. Brave Shawatah, holding in his arms his sweetheart, Owanee, sank beneath the waves to the happy hunting grounds of the great Father, and the the Romance of the Sea was ended.

Daisie Wells Furbee, '07.



The Blind Musician

Suggested By Hearing A Blind Man Play The Piano.

I. God has weighted down his eyes
With darkness; on his soul there lies
The gloom of night; his being cries:
"There is no light."
The beauty of the morning sun,
Streams that glisten as they run,
Bright stars, and fields of flowers—not one
Can touch his sight.

He cannot see his mother's face,
Nor can his mind e'er know a trace
Of beauty in the human race—
For he is blind.
If God who covered o'er his sight,
(As He His day destroys with night)
Rapt him from earth, brought him to light—
Were He not kind?

II. He is not blind. He cannot see
With body's eyes; but melody
Gives to him power—God and he
Each other view.
To Nature's heart he lays his ear,
He hears the bird, perceives the clear
Laughter of morning, and more near
The splash of dew.
In crash of chords or simple song
He sees the sun, and brooks along
Which murmuring trees and flowers throng—
He sees her face.
For soul is more than sight. Man
May with his heart perceive; he can
View all of God's creation, and may span
With music, space.

Walter Barnes, Sem., '00.

THE PLOT FORMAN

The Power House Mystery

Dramatis Personae.

Dare Devil Dave.....Chief of the Gang
Terrible Ted .....
Handy Andy .....
Rocky Mountain Pete.....
Stealthy Steve .....
Hurricane Joe .....
Demon Dick .....
..The Gang

M - -se .....
Sw - - - gen .....
.....Power House Guards

Scene I. The den of the gang in a mountain cave. Night.

Dare Devil Dave, the chief, seated.

Enter the gang.

Chief. Hail, Comrades!

All. Hail, Chief!

Chief. How, now, Dick, why so surly?

Dick. Things are dull. We lack excitement.

Pete. Let us do something. Things are too slow here.

Chief. Then we will revenge ourselves upon those hated Seniors the enemies of all true men. What shall we do to them?

Ted. Do 'em up!

Andy. Jayhawk 'em!

Steve. Take 'em snipe huntin'!

Pete. Fill 'em full of lead!

Joe. Burn them at the stake!

Dick. Have their hearts' blood!

Chief. Nay, comrades, I have a better plan. Physical pain is ever the mildest punishment. Mental anguish is far harder to bear. Listen. Thus will we strike the enemy. At the dark and fateful hour of midnight we will proceed to that earthly hades, the power house. We will overpower the guards, mount the sheer height of the chimney, and thereon paint our emblem in letters of blue and black. The blue emblematic of our loyalty to each other, the black showing our attitude toward our enemies. There will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. You have heard the plan, comrades. Dare Devil Dick has spoken.

Steve. An excellent plan it is. What say ye, comrades, is it good?

All. It is good.

Chief. Then it is settled. The time for action is at hand. Arm yourselves to the teeth. Provide yourselves with all things necessary—ladder, ropes, paint. I will precede ye, and see if all is clear.

(All exit.)

Scene II. Interior of power house.

M--se and Sw---gen asleep in room.

Marauders drop silently through coal hole and enter room.

Chief. (In whisper). Comrades, the most critical time has come. It is absolutely necessary that these guards give no alarm. Do the four of you, Ted, Andy, Pete and Steve, seize bind and gag them; and do ye, Joe and Dick, stand with your weapons ready. If they give a sing'e cry, see ye that they give not another.

(All advance. The sleepers are seized. A struggle follows.)

Joe. One shout, one sound, one further move, and ye are dead men.

Pete. Bind them well.

Andy. It is done.

Chief. Now prisoners, we have ye in our power. No harm will come to you. We have some work to do that is above you. All that is required of you is that ye do nothing to hinder us, and that ye forever after hold your peace concerning the things ye shall see. Will ye do it?

M - -se and Sw - - - gen. We will.

Chief. It is well. Ye are honorable men, and we trust you. Release them. And now, men, get ye to the upper regions. There is work to do, and time presses.

(All exit.)

Scene III. Power house roof.

Ladders, paint, and ropes. Gang all present.

Pete. We're undone! The ladder is not long enough!

Steve. To the earth for me. I will get a ladder below.

(Steve is lowered quickly to the ground.)

Steve. (From below.) All is right, me hearties; pull away.

(Steve and ladder pul'ed quickly up.)

Chief. Now, look alive men. Bind the ladders together. Now, fasten your guy lines. Up with it, hard all! There you are! Now hand the paint, for it's me to the clouds. If the hated enemy arrive, spare none, but slay.

Andy. The moon has his eyes on you, so do your best.

Chief. Silence. No chaffing. Pass up the blue paint. So—I am nearly through.

Silence for a time, then the Chief comes down from the ladder.)

Chief. All right. I have finished. Let every man go up and inspect the work. (All go up.) Now that you have seen the work, how is it?

All. It is good.

Chief. Very well. Down with the ladders, collect the ropes and paint. A feast is waiting for all at the den. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow our enemy will die. En avant!

THE RESULT FORMAN

El Milagro De La Virgne

The Miracle of the Virgin

Through the broad windows the sky was seen, lighted up with the purple of the setting sun whose reddish rays were broken by the metalic reflection on the barren walls of the dismantled tower where dwelt the young Florentine painter. Above was the blue sky with the great red and opaque clouds which ran from north to south until they were blended with the horizon. Below was the divine Florence, with her palaces and churches, her colonnades and babling fountains.

But the noise of the joyous city did not arrive at the room in the ruined tower, except during the most quiet hours of the day, when there was heard the confused and distant echoes of the bells in the churches and monasteries of the glorious republic. There in that room lived and worked Flavio an orphan; abandoned as an outcast, and working as a convict. Old before arriving at manhood, weakened by starvation, with the faith of a visionary in his eyes, and the cold of an orphan in his heart. He had once been a patrician of Pisa, but suddenly reduced to poverty after capitulation of Verona, he had lived in the tower, alone, since the death of his mother. That room was his dwelling and his workshop; his home and his studio.

Painted with vigorous strokes upon the golden background was the outline of the lily-like and pure face of a woman, crowned with a coronet of gold and emeralds, sapphires and turquoises. A white veil surrounded the perfect oval of her face which was illuminated by a maternal smile of ineffable sweetness. A cloak of heavy silk covered her shoulders, and her loving arms grasped the little body of a child which slept softly, lulled to sleep, upon the bosom of the Virgin.

In the room there was neither chair nor bed. The walls were bare and above was the broken arch of Roman workmanship. Before the picture of the Virgin, there lay stretched upon a heap of dirty straw the poor youth gazing at his work while the tears ran down his face. With that day which had just ended in the purple of the setting sun, expired the time which Samuel, the inexorable Jew, had grantd him to fulfill his infamous contract. On that day it was necessary to return to the Jew the six florines, with three more for interest,

which he had borrowed, a month before in order to buy six feet of consecrated ground wherein to bury his mother. Now the time had elapsed and he was not able to pay. He had sold everything; his sketches, drawings, and the fragments of states, which he had picked up in the Roman field; his poor furniture and even the bed on which his mother had died. It was now three days since he had eaten anything, except a crust of bread, washed down with water from the Arno.

That morning Flavo had made a last effort to soften the hard heart of the Jew. At day-break he had traversed the sleeping city. Driven on by an irresistible force in his sorrow-stricken heart, he arrived in the tortuous alley in the Jewish quarter where Samuel made his den. The shop was not yet open, and Flavo waited there, torn by feverish impatience until at last after a long and tiresome delay he was allowed to enter through the dark hallway. But all was in vain. Samuel insisted on having his money, or on recovering possession of the sepulchre.

"Sell your picture," he said, "it is beautiful and they will buy it in any convent."

"But it is not yet finished!" cried Flavo.

"Finish it today. At nightfall I will come for my money," replied the Jew; and without looking at him again he turned his back in order to greet another customer.

Flavio returned to the tower maddened with pain, but determined to finish his picture that same day by a titantic effort. All day he worked with a mystic ardor and an insense faith. In the beginning he painted with masterly strokes and with the sureness of hand of one who possesses all the technical knowledge of his art; the delicate clouds and small particles of mist passed before his eyes dimming the perfect and clear vision of his work. He rubbed his eyes, stepped back, gazed at the picture from the distance and the mist disappeared while the colors renewed their brightness.

But the hours were passing with a cruel swiftness for the poor artist, who at length, burned by the fever, could no longer see to work. His strength exhausted and his will broken, his very heart weeping for his dead mother whose body was a legal pledge in the hands of the merciless Jew, it was then that he

had allowed himself to sink down upon the heap of straw which served for a bed.

Poor mother, whose last desire had been to rest in the ancient cemetery of her native city.

The shadows of evening which were falling, enveloped him slowly and upon the crown of the Virgin the setting sun sparkled as gold. The door opened and on the threshold appeared the sinster figure of the Jew. He entered; he came to claim his nine florines or to break the contract. The miserable artist, throwing himself on his knees, begged for more time in which to finish his picture. But all his entreaties were useless; the Jew with his heartless smile drew forth the parchment which the Council had delivered to him as a certificate of ownership of the sepulchre. He then reduced his conditions to simple terms with barbarous logic of a trader: either the painter must deliver the money in exchange for the deed or he, Samuel, would sell the privilege of burial to another customer, and the body of the poor mother of the painter would go to the charnel-house.

Beastly torture, more cruel and bloody than the rack, the red-hot pinchers or the boiling lead! What a brave revenge of the Hebrew against his Christian persecutors!

To pay? And how? Impossible!

The room remained in absolute silence. The Jew shrugged his shoulders, and turned to go when there was heard the tearing of canvas. The golden background of the painting was enlarged: the Holy Virgin acquired relief, form, and motion, and, little by little, taking off with a slow movement the crown of gold and emeralds, sapphires and turquoises, she delivered it to the Jew, who amazed and disfigured by fear, extended his hand, received the jewelled crown, let fall the parchment, and falling back, went out reeling as a drunken man.

And when poor Flavio again fell to his knees, with his hands clasped in silent worship, the Child awoke, extended his little hands, and smiling, murmured with intonations of an indefinable modulation:

"Come to me, my son."

And an intense brightness lighted up his face, and a mellow harmony filled the room.

R. V. Hall '07.
Mason Crickard, '07.

Harrison
Before they Knew he was married

Reserved
After.

Finance in the Tropics

On the night of August —, 1906, the Havana express was even later than usual. There had been long waits at some of the junctions, and many stops to receive and discharge passengers at the numerous plantations on the way. Consequently, when it finally started down the long grade that leads into Santiago, the engineer threw caution aside and took it whirling down the mountain side at twentieth century speed leaving a mass of sparks and smoke to mingle with the gray alkali dust stirred up by the trucks and to settle gradually upon the tall Guinea grass along the right of way.

Inside the coaches the passengers were getting ready to leave the train. The through passengers from Havana, to whom the journey had seemed almost interminable, wore a look of dejection that almost reached despair. For nearly thirty hours they had been in the stifling train and had been forced to endure the numerous discomforts as best they might. The heat was great. On the first night it had not seemed so bad, but with morning in the interior provinces it had increased more and more, until at midnight on the second night the very darkness seemed to make it worse, and instead of the refreshing coolness of northern countries, the wide open windows brought in a suffocating wave of cinders and dust.

On the first class coach the person of General Fernando Cabeza, with whom this story deals, showed the effects of travel even more than the others. His white linen suit, which had been spotless when he left the capital, was grimed with soot, and his black mustache, which usually curled proudly toward his hat, hung lifelessly over his mouth.

When the train stopped in front of the station, he gave his hand baggage to one of the many black boys that came swarming through the coaches, descended to the platform, passed through the waiting crowd in the station to the outer platform, and there took a carriage and was driven to the Hotel Apallo high up on one of the numerous hills of the city. There he obtained a room and spent the rest of the night in much needed sleep. When he came into the cafe the next morning he was quite a different looking man, having dressed himself afresh in the cool linen garments customary in the island. His face, however, still had a look of discontent, and he spoke sharply to the waiter who came for his order.

After breakfast he walked across the street to the nearby plaza and sat down on one of the park benches in the shade of a tree. The steamer that was to take him to his home would not leave till night; he had plenty of time, and he wanted time to think.

General Cabeza had been a fighter all his life. From the time he could carry a gun or swing a machete he had done all that he could to help his island countrymen in their wars against Spain, and in the final struggle of '98 he had commanded a large number of troops, handling them so well that he became a general. Retiring to private life, he had lived quietly on his little plantation until recently the promptings of his patriotic nature had again impelled him to offer himself to the republic. So he had gone to Havana to see the president and

to ask him for an important government office. When the president had informed him that his services were not needed, or even desired he had left the palace in a storm of rage and with vows of revenge in his heart. On that very day he had made his shabby treatment known to some of the important political opponents of the president, and in return had been informed that a revolution against the government was imminent, and had been asked to join it. In spite of his anger, he had hesitated to take such a radical course, and had postponed his answer.

He had asked for a week to think it over, and now as he sat in the plaza, the time had come to decide. He thought it all over, and every moment his indignation toward the ungrateful president became stronger than ever. He arose with decision in his manner. If the present government would not reward its heroes, he would help establish one that would be more careful how it treated distinguished men like himself.

He walked back to the hotel and wrote a letter to the men in Havana who were to start the new movement, promising to be with them, body and soul, till tyranny and injustice should be driven from Cuba forever. He added further that he would hurry to his home and that when he received the word to strike at the government, he would have a thousand men ready to take up arms.

Tossing the letter to the clerk, he started to the steamship office to get his passage home. As he walked down the narrow street, he paid little attention to what was happening near him. He thought of the new government that he would help establish. It would need a new man for governor in each of the provinces. It would need a new commander for the Rural Guards. It would need a new president! He was a brave man, and would see to it that he got his rights.

At the steamship office he met Harper. Harper was his neighbor and friend and owned the big plantation next to the general's small one. They shook hands with cordial warmth. Harper spoke heartily: "Hello, General, going home on the boat tonight?" General Cabeza replied that he was. "All right," said Harper quickly, "I have a lot of business to look after today. I'll see you tonight on the steamer."

Harper was a successful business man. He had come to Cuba a few years ago to spend a winter, and had liked it well enough to stay. He had found the big plantation next to General Cabeza's for sale at a bargain and, gathering in all his money and borrowing a great deal more from his friends, had bought it. He was doing well and intended to go back to the states in a few years with a comfortable fortune. He was well known in Santiago and attracted attention wherever he went about the city. He was tall and well formed, still a young man, and would have been handsome had it not been for his prominent Jewish nose.

The Perla De Cuba cleared from Santiago at nine o'clock that night. Most of its passengers were second class, and went to sleep early. By the time the vessel reached the mouth of the harbor where the old Merrimac paid the tribute

of freedom beneath the guns of Morro Castle, all was quiet on board. Harper and General Cabeza were seated on deck, near the stern. Harper produced a pair of cigars and, after lighting them, the men settled themselves for a comfortable hour of talk.

"What's the best word from Havana, General?" Harper asked. "I understand that you went there expecting to receive an important government office. Did you get it?"

The general took a great puff at his cigar before he answered.

"Senor Harper, you are my friend. I will tell you what happened at Havana. I was shamefully treated at the palace. The president refused to consider my claims at all. In a few weeks there will be a revolution, and I have agreed to rouse the eastern end of the island. I am on my way home now to warn the people and get them ready."

As the general spoke, Harper's face became a picture of dismay. He knew what a revolution meant. In a few weeks he might have a plantation or he might have a few thousand acres of smoking ruins.

"Is it certain?" he asked. "Can't it be avoided?"

"It is sure to come," said the general. "Cuba is governed by tyrants. There will be a new government of patriots. Practically the whole island will respond when the call comes to arms. It will soon be over, but will be a hard struggle while it lasts."

The men finished their cigars in silence. Harper had too much to think about to bother with words, and General Cabeza was planning the new government as it should be. Shortly afterward they retired to their staterooms with a mutual good night.

A week later the revolution broke loose. During that week General Cabeza had kept his word with the other leaders. He had hastily gathered his lieutenauts and sent them throughout the country. He had visited the fondas, or native saloons, and had found hundreds of idle men, who received the news with joy. It would be a great thing to have a revolution. There would not be much danger. The government was too weak to make much resistance. The plantations would be at their mercy, and there would be plenty to eat and no work. It was a bonanza of the first rank.

General Cabeza's troops were to assemble in the pueblo on a certain Wednesday. The surrounding district was practically solid against the government and all knew the plans. Tuesday afternoon Harper rode over the trail to General Cabeza's home. The general received him with joy, and they seated themselves under the royal palms that clustered about the house. After calling a servant to bring coffee for his guest to drink, according to the Cuban custom, he gave him a cigar and they were soon talking with their usual friendly manner.

"General," said Harper "I've been thinking of this revolution of yours a lot while you have been gathering your men. You go into camp tomorrow, I understand."

"Yes."

"Now, tell me what you will get out of it. What salary does a revolutionary general draw, and who pays it?"

"Senor, I will get no salary. I fight for the freedom of Cuba."

"Well, look here. There is no reason why you should not get something great out of it, besides the possible honor of becoming an officer under the new government, which you may or may not establish. I have been thinking it over, and I have a plan to give you, by which you and I will have a sure chance to win. As you have often said, we are friends. My proposition is this: When the war breaks out, property will decrease in value, horses and cattle especially because your men will steal them, and you cannot keep them from it. When your revolution has forced values down to the lowest point, I will buy all the cattle I can find. They will cost scarcely anything. As soon as I am done, I will inform you. You will tell your soldiers where they can get cattle. They will take all I have. When the war is over, I will put a claim before the Cuban government for their full value, or even more, and if it does not pay me for them, I am an American citizen, and will call on the government of the States to push my claim, and it will do so. In that way we will reap a great harvest, no matter how the revolution ends. I tell you my plans because, if the cattle are not stolen, I can make no claim, and I must be sure."

General Cabeza rose from his chair and grasped the hand of Harper. "Senor Harper," said he, "you are a great man. If there were more like you in Cuba we would not need to bother with revolutions. How did you think of such a plan?"

"Oh! I scarcely know," said Harper. "It is merely an application of what, in America, we call 'high finance.'"

Harper mounted his horse and extended his hand. "Goodbye, General," he said.

"Adios, Senor," said General Cabeza.

In the weeks which followed, the revolution took its course and was succeeding beyond the wildest dreams of its leaders. When Harper thought the time had come, he sent his foremen in all directions to buy cattle. They bought them and brought them to his ranch. They were scrawny looking beasts, and their quality and the revolution combined made them cost little. Harper was well pleased.

When the ranch was crowded almost to its limits, he wrote to General Cabeza and sent the letter across country to the General's camp by a trusted man. His letter was short:

"General Cabeza: Everything is ready. I think you should act at once.

"HARPER."

In the meantime, much had happened at Havana that Harper, owing to lack of news facilities in the Orient, had not heard. The American government had intervened, and even then a battleship loaded to the rigging with sailors and marines, was on its way at full speed to the port near which Harper's ranch was located.

The ship reached port about the same time that Harper's messenger delivered his letter to General Cabeza. According to the usual custom of the American navy, the captain of the ship acted promptly. In some way rumor had reached the port that a man named Harper, an American, owned a ranch nearby that was in grave danger of attack from the revolutionists. The battleship had scarcely come to anchor before the lighters were gotten ready and the olive clothed marines were pouring over the side. Load after load was put off till the captain thought there were enough. That night the marines pitched their tents on the sandy shore, and fought mosquitoes and sand flies through the long, hot night, and at daybreak were on their way to Harper's place, glad to get away from the insect tortures of their first tropical night.

Harper had heard the news of intervention and, worse yet, of the landing party in his honor. Hastily mounting a horse, he galloped to the top of a low hill where he could see in two directions, westward toward the port, and northward, from where he knew Cabeza's men would come. The cattle were within easy reach. If Cabeza's men came first he could see himself become a fair-sized Croesus. If the marines came first, he was "up against it."

He had not long to wait, for suddenly he saw, where the road from the port came around the base of a hill a mile away, the brown mass of marines, and at the same time, turning his ranchman's glasses toward the north, he could see Cabeza's men four times as far away. He turned his horse and rode back.

When the marines reached the big plantation gates, they found them open, and their commander was greeted by a tall American with an aquiline nose.

"Is this Mr. Harper?" said the captain of the marines.

"That is my name," said the American.

"I have orders to protect your property from the rebels," said the marine "I am Captain Blank."

"Captain Blank," said the man with the nose, "I will be glad to receive your protection. Come into the house and have some coffee. It is the custom of the island. By the way, if your men need provisions while your camp is here, I will be glad to supply you. I have plenty of everything, especially beef, which I understand is the best food for fighting men."

DAVID BRIGHT REGER '00.

First Chronicles

Chapter XII, Verses 1 to 15.

1. Now there was a land known as West Virginia, and this land was afar off from the Philistines.
2. And in this land dwelt all manner of people.
3. And in a certain part of this land of West Virginia was an institution called "The Sem.." which was ruled over by Prexy. And Prexy and his disciples did rule with an iron hand. Very stern and harsh.
4. But verily the classes did all come and go, and it came to pass that they were doing good work in the Sem.
5. Now when the time was about 1904, there appeared a reckless and head-strong class which Prexy called by name '07. And verily the whole class did desire to do as it pleased.
6. Then Prexy and even all "Me Faculty" were much vexed and were sore displeased.
7. And the time rolled on even to the time of the Fall Term of 1905, and it came to pass that the '07s were Juniors.
8. And in the class were all manner of students, and all manner of distinguished football players—but nary a Corbin, and now this team was not complete without a Corbin.
9. And they were sorely worried and did rend their footba l hair and even painted maroon on their bodies, and did get drunk and cuss violently.
10. For verily they needed a Corbin for Senior purposes.
11. Then did the class meet and a bold one spake thus: "Let us do wickedness, yea, do harm even to ourselves and to the Sem. And we will skidoo the Deck Tribe, which do even hate us."
12. And they straightway made Corbin into a Junior, and they did it in a wicked way.
13. And verily if the way were told here, it would spoil the looks of this pace, yea, even of this volume.
14. But in the land of West Virginia did live one woman, and her name can be found on the Faculty Roll. And the Juniors did like her even very much and d:d call her name their names.
15. But because of their evil she did tear her hair and she rent her clothes. And she persuaded Prexy that he should let the '07s live. And verily they live and are loved even to this day by a very few which do dwell in the Sem.

Serenade

When the gate of Dreams, in the still night hour,
  Swings back on the hinges of Sleep;
When the Sentinel Will has no longer power,
  His watch o'er the Thought-Realm to keep:

Then the tyrant Love seizes Reason's white throne.
  (Ah, a wily usurper is he.)
He brings in a retinue grand of his own,
  And causes Pride's minions to flee.

When Cupid is crowned as King of the Realm,
  Of changes there can be no dearth.
Blithe Imagery then doth stern Caution o'erwhelm,
  And Sadness is vanquished by Mirth.

While, in dreams, o'er thy Thought-Realm Cupid is King,
  I send my embassador, Song,
In hopes by His pleading a message to bring,
  That will soften thy heart, hardened long.

My embassador pleads for thy old loving smile;
  That no longer thy heart be locked fast.
Let its doors ope to welcome one, long an exile,
  To that home where he dwelt in the past.

Oh, power of Love grant to Music thy spell.
  Grant that Dreamland with thoughts of me teems.
Then this precious thought will my sadness dispell—
  There's no lock on the Portal of Dreams.

I. G. B., '00.

Latin Class.

Puzzle - find the Pony.

Energy.

A Fairy Tale

Once upon a time, when every lovely girl was a princess, and every princess had a fairy God-mother, there was a beautiful dark-haired princess named Beryl. She was an only child and her parents desired that she might never marry and leave them; so they, following the custom of that time, sent her to a gloomy abode called Shut-In Castle, where she was kept, in company of many other lovely princesses. This castle was large and comfortable, the princesses enjoyed each others society, they were allowed to have many recreations, every musical instrument was at their command except the "triangle," but—they were safely hidden from the pursuit of possible adorers. Shut-In Castle was carefully guarded from the approach of such invaders by wise and elderly dragons, who frightened away the timorous young men and seized upon the rash.

But the Princess Beryl fared better than her companions, for her fairy God-mother had assumed the guise of a guardian dragon in order to be near her beautiful darling. One evening, while the other fair girls were in retirement, taking the treatment which the guardians of the castle required to cure them of their youth and beauty, Princess Beryl sat gossiping with her fairy God-mother. A listening mouse retailed to us the following conversation:

"A masked ball! Oh dear fairy God mother! You are so powerful. Why only last year you transformed the fat and elderly adorer of my friend Marguerite into a fresh-faced youth. Do find a way for me to go to the ball."

"You recall an unfortunate incident, my lovely Beryl. Perhaps you would also prove an ingrate."

"Oh no! dear God-mother. If you had performed a like wonder for me I never would have become dissatisfied and obtained the help of Giant Free Choice to change him back again. You know your Beryl is always ruled by you. Please find a way."

The fairy God-mother interlaced her tiny fingers, patted her dainty foot and thought deeply a few moments. Then she said:

"Yes, my child, you shall go. There is a great pumpkin upon the front porch of the castle. I saw it as, in my guise of guardian dragon, I made my rounds. With a touch of my fairy wand I will transform this pumpkin into a young man, who shall act as our escort to the ball. Altho the fact that we have a young man with us would keep any one from suspecting that we came from Shut In Castle, yet as a further disguise, I will cover your beautiful raven curls and my own astute brow with—sunbonnets."

Delighted with the ingenuity of her God-mother, the Princess Beryl hastily prepared for the ball, and donning masks and sunbonnets, they tripped away, escorted by the transformed pumpkin, who proved to be a sturdy youth, with no hint of his origin.

After they arrived at the ball, all three enjoyed the festivity for a time until a masker, whom the all wise God-mother called "Monsieur Curieux," became so persistent in his attentions to the Princess Beryl and her fairy God-mother, and insisted so earnestly that they remove their masks, that they grew rearful that their identy might become known. Besides, it was nearing the magic hour of ten, at which all the lights disappeared from Shut In Castle, and the door, but Monsieur Cruieux followed closely, and just as they were leaving, tthe door, but Monsieur Cruieux followed closely, and just as they were leaving, he tore the disguising bonnet from the God-mother's head, and would have taken the mask also (for the God-mother was tiny, and did not wish to reveal her fairy powers) had not the pumpkin escort come forth in knightly valor to fight for his faire ladie. He gave the persistent annoyer a sturdy blow, which sent him reeling backward and gave the besieged damsels time to make their escape.

Princess Beryl and her God-mother reached Shut In Castle safely, and so charmed were they with their valiant defender that both considered him eligible for marriage with the Princess Beryl. So the fairy God-mother decreed that he should remain a brave knight permanently and should become the lover of the fair Beryl; and as, under ordinary circumstances, no princess could be wooed while in Shut In Castle, the God-mother used her fairy arts to make the course of true love run smooth.

In her guise of guardian dragon, she constantly attended the steps of the Princess, but the fair girl's lover could read the face of the God-mother through this disguise, hence it did not drive him away.

As this did not suffice the ardent lovers, the benevolent fairy had a magic device which annihilated space and enabled the princess to hear her lover's voice whenever she willed. In order that the guardians of Shut In Castle might not overhear her talk and discover the secret, the lover's voice could be heard only in the room of the fairy God-mother.

Thus the wooing sped apace, and soon the Princess Beryl and the Transformed Pumpkin were married. The fairy God-mother lived with them and never allowed the pumpkin nature to be made manifest, and as the fair Beryl's husband was devoted to his God-mother, they all lived happily ever after.

Agents for Magazines

The following magazines may be purchased at reasonable rates from the persons named below:

Scrap Book—Foot ball team.
Scientific American—Davis and Quigley.
Popular—Miss Warden.
Smart (?) Set—Senior Class.
Review of Reviews—Faculty.
American—Everyone but "Minnie."
Designer—Miss McKean.
Christian Advocate—"Pewwy."
Pearsons—'04 Class.
What to Eat—Hall girls.
Woman's Home Companion—Cuppett, Morrison, and Chenoworth.
Independent—Johnson (Ches)
Delineator—Miss Lauck.
M(a)cCalls—Miss Carper.
Musician—Mrs. Jelley.
Century—Cuppett.
Physical Culture—Miss Crowe.
Bookman—Prof. Mills.
Youth's Companion—Miss Orr.
Brown Book—JoClaire.
Success—Junior Class.

A Letter from South America

In describing a voyage around South America, as the space assigned us is limited, we can give but brief impressions of the places we attempt to describe. So we will pass over many points of interest, and touch only the most important places.

From Panama we take a P. S. N. C. steamer which moves slowly thru the placid waters of the Pacific—called so, because, in comparison with the Atlantic, its storms are fewer and less violent, its calm is more tranquil. Our first impression is one of beauty. Both land and sea are ruled over by five beautiful stars in the form of a cross—called the Southern Cross, in a happy prognostic of holy dominion over land and sea.

In leaving Panama bay we see the coned-shaped, green clad, volcanic mountains rising sheer from the water, reminding one of gopher mounds on the prairies.

On the west side, Colombia has but one shipping port of importance—Beunaventura, where the bay bends into a deep inlet.This is the gateway to an immensely rich country, called the Cauca, and the mountain—passes thru the Cordilleras to Bogota.

The third day out, the Equatorial line is crossed and one is always straining his eyes for a glimpse of Equator's famous Volcanoes, Cotopaxi and Chimoborazo. Mounte Christo is often taken for one of these colossal giants.

Our voyage up the Gulf of Guayaquil and Guayas River, gives a vista of pinnacled hills, sparkling in their verdure like raindrops in the sun shine. Lower Guayaquil is first seen and then the city proper, with a population of about 60,000 excepting Vaplariso, the most populous port south of San Francisco. It is a great shipping port, one-third the world's cocoa, or chocolate comes from Ecuador. In one year this export alone amounted to $7,640,000. Among other exports are—tuga or ivory nut, rubber, coffee, hides, and various kinds of straw and felt hats. Some of her imports are—petrolum, lumber, machinery, hardware, and provisions.

Quito, the capital, lies on a central plateau at an elevation of 9,371 feet above sea level. Tho an ancient and historic capital, it has been modernized by electricity. The railroad to this city, which is nearing completion, is one of the links in the Pan-American chain. Being interested in what is to follow we

again take passage and move slowly down the coast. In passing we take a long look at historic Tumbez. Somewhere among its mongrove trees, Pizarro and his hardy followers landed, and began the conquest of Peru. It lies just over the border of Peru, once the Empire of the Incas.

All along the coast are ports, but as our limited space admits mention of only the most important, we go on to Callas, a fine port. The plaza in the centre, with its blending trees and statuary, forms a refreshing picture.

From Callas we go to Lima, which is only 9 miles inland, connected by an electric trolley and two steam railroads. Lima—fairest of transplanted capitals The Moorish memories of Audalusia linger over the City of Kings, burned by Pizarro. The stern monuments of the Inquisition are still with her. The sentimental antequarian grieves over the destruction of the vice-regal residence of its last delegated ruler, but the glory of rulers perish. Few can name their quota of those forty-four viceroys of Spain who held the sceptre on the Pacific coast. Before leaving we will look at the four score churches, among which is the Cathedral, where lies the body of Pizarro—The Canquistador, where is kept the manuscript records of Lima.

Many and varied are the stories of historic value concerning many points of interest here, but as this is not an historic article, we again journey south to Mollends. This is the port for southern Peru and also for northern and central Bolivia, and is one of the three worst ports on the West Coast. For here voyagers must risk life and hope of further voyaging to the care of the strong-armed native rowers. From here we go overland to Arequipa and from the Harvard Astronomical Observatory gain a good view of the city. Arequipa has a famous mountain just back of the city—El Misti, an inactive volcano whose snow capped peak can always be seen. The journey from here to Lake Titicaca affords a day of varied mountain scenery. The Chili valley is like a thread moving far down amid volcanis mountains. Gorges are entered, pinnacles and domelike snow caps are passed and finally we reach Crucero Alto, 14,660 feet high. Here is our first attack of soroche, and we pass on to Puno, the commercial center for Peru and Bolivia.

The Lake is interesting, for we realize it is the highest navagable lake in the world (12,540 feet). In twenty-four hours of beautiful scenery, we have crossed, and are landed in Guaqui, where we are met by custom officers and our baggage searched. Soon we hear a whistle and we are made aware of the fact the train is waiting to carry us to La Paz. From the Alto of La Paz we see the

city far down in the valley below, bristling with church spires. A trolley line winds down the side of the mountain and from its horse-shoe bends one can gain a view of the city. To the south is Illimani, over 21,000 feet, north is Sorata, still higher, and a link of snow-capped ridge joining the two. La Paz has many plazas and driveways and is a very pretty capital. Our journey to Oruro by coach occupies two days of travel, spiced with showers and a scarcity of food. But we are relieved to find a prosperous city. Here is the central and southern out put of industry. The Antofagaeta railroad opens a connection with the coast, and after three days of weary travel we again board our vessel for Valpariso.

This is justly called the "Vale of Paradise," being the largest city on the West Coast, south of San Francisco, and equally as fine a metropolis. It lies at the foot of high hills, but, unhappily, it has no golden gate and sheltered harbor. The prettiest part of the city is the Avenida, the shaded boulevard, business thorofare, and promenade. Thruout the city are many fine business blocks of modern construction, resembling Italian architecture. Her bay is a very discouraging one. The engineering difficulties in the way of creating a real harbor are well understood, tho not easily overcome.

We now journey by rail, the train creeping along the valley from Valpariso, cutting across ravines and traverse spurs into the narrow pass, following the watercourse and clinging to the mountain side. During the journey we pass from the balminess of perpetual spring to the chill of winter, but nature is not stern in her bleakness. Soon the road branches, one going to Las Andes, and we follow the other to the capital—Santiago.

Few cities can boast of the possession of a craggy mountain, but Santiago has such a treasure in Santa Lucia, which has been converted from a sterile mass of rugged rock into a park with drives, gardens, statues, serpentine paths, parapets, cascades, and aquariums. The approach to Santa Lucia is like Chapultepec, the City of Mexico's pride. Altho it does not afford the splendid sight of two volcanoes snow-clad peaks, yet the circular snow profile of the Andes thru the violet mist is an always pleasing sight.

The Alemeda and Mapocho River forms a fan which opens from the Alameda and spreads over Cousino Park and various public institutions. The principal square is the Plaza of Arms. All street car conductors are women, faithful, obliging, tho not always the loveliest of their sex.

From Santiago we journey by rail to visit the Chilean Annapolis—Talcahuano, the naval port. The Chileans have a patriotic pride in this naval school.

In traveling on down the west coast one feels the pertinence of the sugges-

tion that far enough south the Pacific is not always pacific. Heavier seas are encountered before reaching Evangelist Islands, which are sometimes called Islands of Direction. After these four rocky heaps—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—are sighted, the seas become gentler. Off in the distance a knob of brown earth is seen. This is Cape Pillar. A look astern shows that we are passing thru a narrowing neck of long channel with snowy crags on either side. We are in South Lat. 54°. There is no twilight, no stars, and we are anchored off Cape Coocntry. Cape Forward is next rounded, and we get a glimpse of Punta Arenas, the most southerly town of any continent, being 1,600 miles farther south than Cape Town, and 900 miles nearer the South Pole than Christ Church, New Zealand. The town has wide streets running back to the forest-clad hills, which are almost lost in the snow clouds. Everything about the place is brisk and bright. It has no custom house, a free port—a very wise policy, considering that its trade is of an international character, selling and buying from passing ships only such articles as are needed for local consumption.

Punta Arenas is an important coaling station, but she thinks she has a cloud in the future. This is the Panama Canal. But while Hamburg and New York vessels find a new route to San Francisco, the improvements which the Chilean Government are making in the navagation of the Straits, and the national development of the trade in the far southern regions will have more than compensation for the diminution from the diversion of the thru ocean traffic to other channels. In passing the straits, our southern journey is at an end. We begin our homeward journey on the great Atlantic and moving slowly northward finally catch a glimpse of Montevideo—Uruguay. Our boat does not stop, but from passing we imagine we see the New York of S. A. The surrounding country is bizarre, and blends English and French landscape-gardening with some original ideas of Natures improved and unimproved.

Counting the days as they pass, we find each becoming warmer than the last and we know we are once more in the tropics. On and on we go until early one morn we awake from our slumber and find we are in the Harbor of Colon. The few hours that remain, our thoughts are filled with the future of our great Canal. Only time will tell what this great inter-oceanic water-way will be. The standards already have been set of the west coast South America countries—Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile and Bolivia. The goal towards which they work has been fixed Their national policies and their commercial and industrial growth at once come under the stimulus of the water-way. "The Panama Canal" will precipitate their commercial evolution. It is the spring from which will gush the streams of immigration. We suddenly awake from thoughts and find we are in Panama. We have made the round trip and are landed once more safely at our starting place.

C. Gordon Lowe, '04.
La Paz, Boliva, S. A.

Hallowe'en

Time in flight has hurried swiftly on,
  Days and weeks and months have come and gone;
But amongst some other minor things,
  In my mind the mem'ry firmly clings,
Of how the hummest Cops that e'er were seen,
  Gobbled up the Moons on Hallowe'en.

Boom Ground's wooly Cops are awful things;
  Only lack they tails and horns and wings
Fierce-eyed demons of themselves to make;
  Just to think of them makes culprits quake.
These old Cops so lank and long and lean,
  Gobbled up the Moons on Hallowe'en.

On Hallowe'en, that ghostliest night of all,
  Before the vesper shades began to fall,
Faintly distant murmurs could be heard,
  The wonted calm was somehow strangely stirred,
The Cops stole through the cabbage patches green,
  And gobbled up the Moons on Hallowe'en.

As the midnight hour drew very near,
  Crowds of men and boys without a fear,
Came upon the streets with laughter bold;
  But they all were seized with fright untold,
When those horrid Cops were plainly seen
  Gobbling up the Moons on Hallowe'en.

Moons were out that evening not for stealth
  But were simply walking for their health.
Soon they came upon a guilty crew
  Which had raided College Avenue.
These "Snake-eaters" ran when the Cops were seen,
  So the Moons were caught on Hallowe'en.

As the Hoodlums passed the biggest Cop,
  Trying manfully to make them stop,
He discharged his pistol in the ground,
  And big clubs and rocks threw all around;
But the guilty rascals cleared the scene;
  And the Moons were caught on Hallowe'en.

All the townsmen had to beg release
  For these boys from Boom Ground's Chief Police;
Scratching his bald head an hour or so,
  He at length decided they might go.
* * * * * * *
Thus the hummest Cops that e'er were seen,
  Gobbled up the Moons on Hallowe'en.

G. N. STEYER.

HAPPINESS—A RECIPE.

To make it: Take a hall, dim lit;
A pair of stairs where two may sit;
Of music soft, a bar or so;
Two spoons of—just two spoons, you know,
Of little love pats, one or two,
Or one squeezed hand instead will do;
A waist—the size to be embraced;
And two ripe lips, rose-red—to taste:
And if the lips are soft and sweet,
You'll find your happiness complete.

Their Favorite Hymns

Lauchery
Little Johnson
Hodges
Jarvis
} Grace—'Tis a Charming Sound.

Miller—How Firm a Foundation.
Winnie—O, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.
Johnson—How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours.
Davis—My Faith Looks Up to Thee.
The Bensons—A Charge to Keep I Have.
Cunningham—Lily of the Valley.
Swisher—I Was a Wandering Sheep.
Jake & Daisie—Love Devine, all Love Excelling.
Dr. Wier—Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.
Cuppett—I Would Not Live Always.
Prof. Trotter—Stand Up, Stand Up.
Brake & Alfe—More Love to Thee.
Chas. Hartley—O Could I Speak (In Society)..
Mrs. Wier—I Love to Tell the Story.
Pearl & Sharps—What a Friend We Have.
Marshall B— I Need Thee Every Hour.
Ice & Edgell—Blest Be the Tie That Binds.
Perry—One Sweetly Solemn Thought.
Miss Wyman—'Mid Scenes of Confusion.
Rowlands—Open the Door for the Children.
Miss Barbe—I Never Will Cease to Love Him.
Miss Tennant—Take Me As I Am.
Pickles & Miss Rhodes—Revive Us Again.
Miss Woodruff—My Life, My Love, I Give to Thee.
Hall Girls—Fill Me Now.
JoClaire—Never Alone.
Murmurmontis Board—Work, for the Night is Coming.

Limericks

A maid who came—not from Killarney
Had sworn she would list to no "blarney."
  But her vows she'd forsake
  When a Senior named Brake
Would say, "You're an angel, Miss Carney."

Chester Arthur's a husky young lad,
Whose singing is—well, not so bad.
  He's full of conceit,
  From his head to his feet,
And how he does foam when he's mad.

There is a sweet Senior named Daisie,
Whose knowledge of grammar is hazy,
  But she always can tell
  The plural of Well,
And thinks one who cannot is crazy.

Young Marshall's a lady-like lad,
Who never does anything bad.
  He converses and sings,
  Makes cushions and things,
But he's ne'er had the studying "fad."

Of Seniors, the most sedate girl
Is known as Miss Wisman, or Pearl.
  She's a "Sharp" lad for beau.
  Now she plans her trousseau,
And sews till her head's in a whirl.

Now, Irma and Mabel are sisters
Who have nothing to do with the misters.
  They say with a sigh,
  "Oh, boys are so shy,"
While a sad tear each rosy cheek blisters.

A young man whose surname is Louchery
Displayed such a fondness for crouchery,
  When refreshments were near
  Every plate he would clear,
In spite of all laughter and mouchery.

A maiden whose name is JoClaire,
Is so very well bred and so fair,
  When she saunters down town
  A youngster named Brown
Wakes the echoes by crying, "Whoa, there!"

The stately class president, Crickard,
Got mad at his pipe when it flickard.
  "Dad-bob-it," he swore,
  And stamped on the floor,
While the neighbors, who heard him, all snickard,

Big Miller's an expert at ball;
In stealing a base he beats all.
  For while others slide,
  On one base he can bide,
And on the next base calmly fall.

Harry and Nannie are twins.
The former says nothing but grins.
  And as for the latter,
  She's sweeter and fatter,
And smiles on the world and its sins.

Said little James Timothy Moon,
"I'm glad I'm to graduate soon.
  Tho only a runt,
  'Twould be a great stunt,
To get me a big girl to spoon."

I seek for a rhyme for Miss Chidester.
But, Muse, I can't find where thou hiddest her.
  If it only were Lowe,
  How smoothly 'twould go;
But, changeable Fate, thou forbiddest her,

When Carney to college first came,
He hadn't a girl to his name.
  But now he'll confess
  To a fondness for Jess,
Since he a big Senior became.

Miss Bowman looks guilelessly down.
On young men she sternly will frown.
  She's playing the fraud,
  For "Her name is Maud."
Mirth hides in her eyes, impish brown.

We'll combine Miss Rexroad with Pickens,
Because between them "the plot thickens."
  As together they pass
  Going to and from class,
Their slow dreamy pace never quickens.

There's sober and dignified Raine;
No joke could a smile from him gain.
  Altho he's a "dig,"
  He isn't a prig.
We'll see him depart with some pain.

"Well, what is the matter with Stathers?"
Cries a crowd, as around him it gathers.
  "Oh," says he, "I'll confess.
  Nothing ails me but Es-
Ther, who's broken my heart all to smathers."

Miss Conoway is a tall blond,
Of whom certain boys are most fond.
  She is not so very
  Devoted to Perry,
So Quigley need not yet despond.

McCormick, whose first name is Leur,
Had a habit no voice culture'd ceur.
  When tenor he'd sing,
  On his face there would spring
A grimance most hard to endeur.

Miss Gilmore, whose front name is Esther,
Has a beau, who's considered a jesther.
  But, tho Bill will play jokes
  On Juniors and folks,
He never was known to molesther.

Now Herbert, whose surname is Wood,
Is so very quiet and good,
  As a member he'd pass
  Of the good '08 class.
He'd doubtless be one if he could.

Miss Margaret Mockler is pretty,
Is youthful and sprightly and witty.
  Her troubles she tells
  To our Junior friend, Wells,
Who gives her his love and his pity.

Of Seniors, the most bashful boy
Is doubtless young Hall, yclept Roy.
  If a girl should come near,
  He'd tremble with fear,
He is so exceedingly coy.

Why, every one knows Brownie Hodges;
His face in each memory lodges.
  He heeds beck and call
  Of the girls, each and all,
But work in the class room he dodges.

Ray Jones never was his own brother.
Pray don't get him mixed with the other.
  He only took care
  Of Bud's sweetheart. So there!
But now he has found him another.

There's sporty young Herbert Stansbury,
Who's fond of the theater very.
  To the "bald-headed" row
  He always doth go,
Where there's always a Sem gang so merry.

Eusebius Angelo Graham
At football can certainly play 'em.
  At baseball he's fine,
  The head of the nine,
But lessons—he never can say 'em.

Miss Merrills is "Hinglish, you know,"
And seems to be proud she is so.
When she changes her name
She'll be Dutch just the same.
Karikoff is the name of her beau.

The name A. T. Ward meets our eyes.
Nothing great about him, but his size.
He's slim and he's tall;
Not noted at all,
As pretty, or witty, or wise.

Now Cuppett is married and steady,
With several children already.
You can tell he is wed,
If you see his bald head;
While his family sure would suit "Teddy."

This commandment doth Cunningham heed:
"Consider the Lily." Indeed,
He thinks it a sin
To toil or to spin,
And so from all care he is freed.

A Senior, Miss Stuart by name,
Is a picture, just lacking a "Frame."
She knows how to play
The piano; they say
She also plays Flirtation's game.

The next one is Trippett, young Carl,
His Latin words get in a snarl.
If a "pony" he gets,
Why "Uncle Frank" frets.
Now that's rather hard on poor Carl.

A Senior I happened to meet,
Who made this confession complete:
"I thought girls liked Pickles,
(From his eye a tear trickles)
But they only like those that are sweet."

Floyd Hanifan has curly hair,
And a rather dignified air,
  His nose is not Roman,
He goes with Miss Bowman,
That's all I know of him, so there!

A girl rather slender and tall,
Demure and sedate is Miss Hall.
  Elocution's her art;
  Her readings impart
Much pleasure to listeners all.

Now Harrah is right tall and slim
With more of persistence than vim.
  He stoops when he walks,
  And drawls when he talks,
And smiles at cares, however grim.

Senior Brake has a pretty name, Clyde,
And a pretty girl for him has syde;
  Her name is Alfreda,
  And she'll probably need-a
Trousseau; for she'll soon be Brake's bryde.

What a Relief It Would Be

If Moon would forget his grin.

If Skidmore would get better grades.

If "Doc" would powder his nose.

If Jake would take his eyes off of her just once.

If a Society candidate could be presented "without further eulogy."

If Miss Barr would wear long sleeves.

If some Romeo would appear upon whom Miss Bowman might shed her smiles.

If Miss Mc—— would only come to chapel enough to cease creating a sensation.

If Winnie would get a new song.

If Morrison were not married.

If Miss Rexroad would walk down street alone once.

If there were enough Professors to supply the lady teachers, so that they would not have to borrow from worthy senior girls.

If the vocal pupils would concentrate their tones.

If the Preceptress' mouth would turn up at the corners just once.

If Arch would settle on one school.

If there was as many "embracing rooms" as there are Hall Girls.

If Daddy Mills would shine his shoes.

If Barnum would file his voice.

If Ice and Edgell would fight to a finish.

If the tenors could be heard in chorus.

Occupations of College Students

Jacob Well's won't deny.
He could not, if he'd try.
That he's usually looking at Daisy.
Poor Prep—Kids! Alas!
Fritz teaches their class!
Jerome Daily o'er base ball is crazy.
Flossie Warden has beaux.
Wherewith she goes.
Lakin Roberts with Maude is scheming.
Mabel Wier dislikes boys.
Jokes, Hartley enjoys.
Roy Mac, of an absent love's dreaming.
Luke Moon grins away.
Ina Barnes talks all day.
Linnie Brake sits up straight and looks pretty.
Clyde Law keeps a store.
And sells books galore.
Flossie Snodgrass looks sweet, and is witty.
Porter Hardman just digs,
While Justin "renigs."
Lena Stutzman thinks deeply and reasons.
Lura Law looks demure.
G. N. Steyer smiles, sure,
While Singleton works in all seasons.

In and About the College

Stockert, in German, translating "Ich kannet ihn wohl."—I think it is well.
Prof. Deck—"Well, I don't. It seems pretty sick to me."

Miss Evans—Prof. Mills, I want a map of the United States for Physical Geography."
Prof.—"Isn't it a map of the world you want?"
Miss E.—"O, yes it is. I'm always getting those big places mixed."

Prof. Barnum (as Miss R-g-s is heard making merry in the hall)—"Well now, if there's going to be a dance out here, I'll dismiss Harmony and we'll attend."

Miss C-r-y (day after chestnut hunt)—"O, how sore my lips are."

Miss T-n-t—"Prof. Deck, how do you tell a German letter?"
Prof.—"Why, by looking at it, of course."

Schobe (in Latin)—"His sleep was disturbed by the 'howling' of a night owl."
"He was ordered to be thrown to the fishes, which contained a large fish pond."

Prof. Trotter.—"Mr. C-n-n-h-m, parse 'cum.'"
Byron L.—"Cum is a preposition, takes subjunction case."

Miss W-n-l-ng answers for Junior Hartley in Latin.
Prof. Trotter—"See here, your name isn't Hartley yet."

Miss B-r-s (to Prof. Mills as he finishes explaining a problem to her)—"You're mighty smart, Professor. I never thought of working it that way."

Miss T. (in German) translating comparative of "hell."—"Haller and haller grew the day."

The intense silence(?) in Trig class is broken by voice of Prof. Mills—"There I knew she'd drop it." Students, looking out window, see that a girl in the Ladies' Hall has lost a rug out of the window. Recitation proceeds without further interruption from the teacher.

Swearingen, at club, when Warner steals his coffee—"Here, you're working a skin game on me."

Warner—"That's nothing. Jacob worked a 'skin' game on Esau many years ago."

Prof. Harris, in Physical Geography—"Mr. Fowkes, what are you trying to explain?"

Mr. Fowkes— "W-e-ll, I don't know."

Louchery, in German—"Professor, when are you going to conference?"

Prof.—"In 1907."

Louchery—"I thought maybe you would go tomorrow with the others, but I'm glad you're not." And Charlie is supposed to be truthful.

Prof. Trotter, to Juniors who stand shivering around the heater—"Never mind the cold. I'll make it warm enough for you before class is over."

Prof., in Physical Geography—"Mr. Poling, what do you mean by elasticity of the air?"

Poling—"I mean that it will last forever."

Warner, in Geometry—"Professor, I am up a tree on this proposition."

Prof. Mills—"Well, you're all right if the tree's perpendicular."

Prof. Harris—"Miss Doney, describe a hailstone."

Miss Doney—"Well, it is something like an onion, I think."

Miss Tennant (in 1st German)—"Professor, how do you learn to pronounce these words? I can't."

Prof.—"Just open your mouth and yell."

Prof.—"Mr. Edgell, does this word denote rest or motion?"

Edgell—"Rest, I believe."

Prof.—"No indeed; no indeed. If you were a little smaller, I'd illustrate what it denotes."

Prof. Mills, looking out class room window night after Junior Stunt No. 2—"Well, look there on the smokestack! The black paint has run down over that 23." "Haint it the truth?"

GRINDS

College Seniors

FORSTER:
"Why did Minnie love him? curious fool! be still;
Is human love the growth of human will?"

WELLS:
"He fain a minster would be
And therefore hatch elicited love,
That he may practice sympathy."

JUNIORS.

DAILY:
"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

HARTLEY:
"Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer."

McCUSKEY:
"With words of learned length and thundering sound."

ROBERTS:
"A tall, lean, cadaverous man."

WARDEN:
"The all seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the wor'd begun."

WIER:
"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

COLLEGE SOPHOMORES.

BARNES:
"In arguing, too, we a'l must own her skill,
For e'en tho vanquished, she can argue still."

BRAKE
"Grace was in her steps, heaven in her age."

HARDMAN:
"The deed I intend is great, but what, as yet, I know not."

HENDERSON:
"There are some who (not to flatter,
Tho to say it seems unkind)
Have a fair per cent of matter
But a small per cent, of mind."

LAW, CLYDE:
"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

LAW, LURA:
"If love for love thou wilt nae gie,
At least be pity to 'him' shown."

MOON:
"With the smile that was childlike and bland."

SINGLETON:
"He is of a very melancholy disposition."

SNODGRASS:
"The light upon her face
Shines from the window of another world."

STEYER:
"I have a 'Friend,' a kinder Friend has no man."

STUTZMAN:
"And whether coldness, prude or virtue
Dignify a woman, so she's good, what does it signify?"

Seniors

BOWMAN:

"Not because his hair is curly."

BRAKE:

"Prof. Tim's civic assistant."

BROWN:

"A deal of squeezes squeezes he of little girlies' waistes."

CARNEY, ALFE:

"For if she will she will you may depend on't, and if she won't she won't; so there's an end on't."

CARNEY, HERBERT:

"With what graceful tenderness he loves!"

CHIDESTER:

"Solitude sometimes is best society."

CONOWAY:

"Studious of ease and fond of Mineralogy."

CRICKARD:

"A woman! Nay give me rather my pipe!"

CUNNINGHAM:

"Is be a socialist, an anarchist, or a Democrat?"

CUPPET.

"The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth."

FORMAN:

"A good student, but an inveterate stag."

FORMAN, NANNIE:

"Not much talk; a great sweet silence."

FURBEE:

"As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute."

GILMORE:

"Doesn't care to scheme since she has Senior privileges."

GRAHAM:

"An athlete if nothing else."

HANIFAN:

"Hee Haw! and her name was Maud."

HARRAH:

"I have no skill in woman's changeful moods."

HENDRICKSON:

"A sweet angelic slip of a thing."

HALL, MAIDA:

"Full of bashfulness and truth."

HALL, R. V..

"Like Forman."

HODGES:

"A lion among ladies; a most dreadful thing."

JOHNSON:

"But know, that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldness."

JONES:

"I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth."

LOUCHERY."

"A most corrupt grafter."

McCORMICK:

"He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought."

MERRILLS:

"Deep versed in books and shallow in herself."

MILLER:

"O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength."

MOCKLER:

"God bless our baby."

MOON:

"Anything might have a bright name."

PICKENS:

"Instruct me now what love will do,
'Twill make a tongueless man you woo."

PICKLES.

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?"

REXROAD:

"Should settle in the west, if she likes all that country as well as Denver."

SNODGRASS ERMA:

"A noble type of good Heroic womanhood."

SNODGRASS, MABEL:

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman; therefore to be won."

STATHERS:

"Appearances to save, his only care;
So things seem right no matter what they are."

STUART

"Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids on tired eyes."

TRIPPETT:

"The times have been
That when the brains were out the man would die."

WARD:

"He feels as well and happy as if he had good sense."

WISMAN:

"Mutual love brings mutual delight."

WOOD:

"Nought o' word spake he more than was made."

Juniors

ARNETT.

"A man of action not of words."

BARNES, MAUDE:

"A woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e."

BARNES, KATHRYN:

"Those eyes of grey have such a way
Of growing sad or tender,
You'd almost swear that glance so rare
Had made your heart surrender."

BAUGHER:

"Baugher's becoming quiet of late;
On my word, I believe he is growing sedate."

BLAIR:

"Oh, most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?"

BODLEY:

"Small she was—extremely small; a young bud of innocence."

BRAKE:

"Some men were born for great things,
Some were born for small,
Some—'tis not recorded
Why they were born at all."

BRUCE:

"She that was fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."

COLLOWAY:

"A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage—Myrtle always smiles."

DAVIS.

"Most boatmen need two oars, but Johnnie is an expert with one Orr."

DIMMICK:

"As unto the child the toy is,
So the mustache is to Dimmick."

DOWNS:

"And thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,
Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parents evening ray
That watched thy early morning."

FRIEND:

"A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet."

HAUGHT:

"'Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity—a trade?"

HALLER:

"The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly."

HARTLEY:

"He is far gone, far gone; truly in my youth I suffered much extremity in love; but never like this."

LOWE, IRETA:

"Her eyes outshine the radiant beams,
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each freshening flower."

LOWE, LAURA:

"Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

MARQUESS:

"A man of bland countenance and amative propensities, who believes
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

MASON.

"What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning."

MORRISON, LELIA:

"For I ought to have my own way in everything; and what's more, I will, too."

MORRISON, A. P.:

"She showed her taste refined and just when she selected you."

PETTIT:

"Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful."

PARKS:

"A proud reserve is woman's best weapon."

ROBINSON:

"But when in life we're tempest-driven
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fixed with heaven
Is sure a noble anchor."

SMITH:

"Though tangled and twisted the course of true love,
Paul M. explains,
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve,
If the lover has brains."

TENNANT:

"A child of our grandmother Eve."

THORNLEY:

"Now, by two-headed Janus! Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

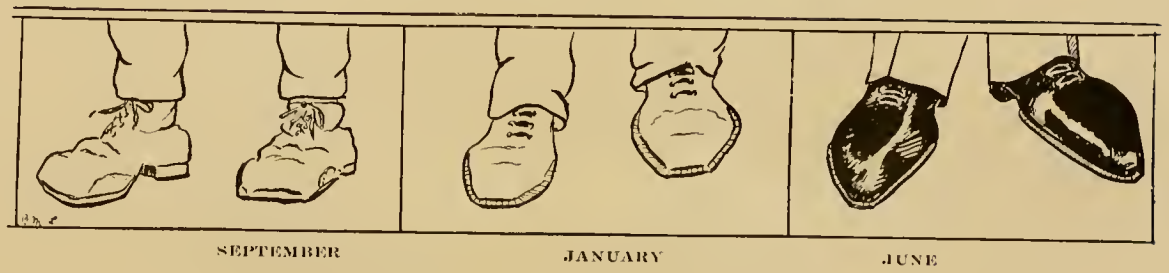
WARNER:

"But, I—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass."

WELLS:

"Smooth runs the water, where the well is deep."

The Freshman from Farm to College



SEPTEMBER JANUARY JUNE

Calendar

September

13. Matriculation.

14. Boys occupied in courting new Hall girls.

15. Societies meet. Three boys summon courage to ask for dates at the Hall.

18. New students begin to find their class rooms.

19. First chapel. Doc. makes a big spread before new students.

20. Harmony meets. Barnum has a new supply of slang.

21. Tennis "courting" begins.

22. Forrester grows very eloquent over the girl "from Southern Skies."

23. Great mourning in Hall. Miss McKean goes out of office.

24. Hall girls serenade Faculty.

25. Epworth League Social. Who took Miss Fe-g-s-n home?

27. "Doc." and Prof. Trotter go to conference. Students rejoice.

28. Davis begins the study of Mineralogy.

29. "Mellin's Food" gets his old girl back.

30. Big "doings" in chapel. Prof. Rolands takes a dog out of chapel. Prof. Deck decends from the gallery.

October

1. Association reception in Y. M C. A. Hall. Perry "butts in" with Mrs. Deck.

2. Robert's store is made headquarters for schemers.

3. Murmurmontis Staff elected.

4. Football game. Miller says if he had a grunt he would be a hog.

5. Conference adjourns. Miss F. appears in Society with beaming Jake and her hair up.

7. Miller sees his "shadow" in P. O.

8. Boat ride. Who says Brake and Alfe got swamped?

9. Jr. Smith is very "respectful" as regards angles in Geometry.

10. Hartley, jr., finds greater atractions than roll call in German. Johnson sheds his baby teeth.

11. Startling! Robinson's club goes to the wall. Cunningham appointed receiver, but finds nothing to receive.

12. Robinson delegation joins Fritzy's gang. Perry does his own cooking.

13. Football at Marietta! ! ? ?

14. Chapel chairs arrive. Old chairs crack and groan.

15. Chestnut hunt. Miss Lowe and Prof. Harris chaperone. Poor Winnie!

16. Prof. Watson shows Steyer some stunts on the horizontal bar.

18. Ben Smith swallows the termination of a German noun. Is doing as well as can be expected.

19. Moon club goes to the river to wash. Rolands and the 1st quarter Moon get scared at the water.Three or four fall in.

20. Skidmore gets some advice in German.

21. Sebe and Angy have a "bust up."

23. Skiddoo!

24. Trainer and Root "fall out" in foot ball practice.

25. Sen. Scott speaks in chapel.

26. Thornly gets called in Caesar.

29. Two girls "campused" for not wearing hats.

30. Chorus meets. Barnum plays in treble instead of bass. Top row falls down.

31. Hallowe'en. Temporary eclipse of the "Moons."

November

1. Johnson gets a letter from his "dad." Consults managing editor of the Pharos.
2. How did Misses Ashby and Bibby get home from choir practice?
3. Boys go home to vote. Grace wears her prettiest waist and a broad smile. Wonder why.
4. Hall girls at Miss Lauck's table are not introduced to her guests. Silence reigns.
5. Eventful day! First Lecture. Parties in gallery count 25 cases. Mr. Baugher gets bothered in getting his "Orr."
6. Miss Crowe goes horseback riding. No Physical culture next day.
7. Ashworth makes speech in chapel. Great applause by "students."
8. Junior Latin in Miss Jessie's room disturbed by several members of Faculty.
9. Rev Townsend makes a speech on autograph albums. Barnum writes harmony in two keys at once.
10. New carpet in chapel. An attempt is made to grant Davis optional attendance.
11. Prof. Deck tells German class to look at construction from its own "standpoint."
12. Second number of lecture course. Prof. Watson has trouble keeping his feet still while band plays.
13. Prof. Barnum rejoices in a new pair of shoes.
14. Prof. Deck and Prof. Trotter "swap" class rooms.
16. Prof. Mills' watch ends its labors because he neglects winding it.
17. It is noticed that Miss B-a-r no longer wears "the bow." Also observed that Daddy Deck has a pink spot on his chin.
18. Prof. Deck reads Germelshausen from his rool book.
19. Black cat appears in chapel. Teachers have a party at the Hall. Hartley, jr., has *three* girls to escort home.
20. Cunningham dreams of swimming. Wakes up with a bad cold.
21. Miss Evans receives an '07 pennant. Fourth floor celebrates.
22. Who says there was a mouse in chapel? 'Twas only a toad.
    Stewart talks baby talk in Latin.
23. Winterberg talks in chapel. Gives good advice to boys (it is supposed) concerning aiming higher. Ball game with W. V. U. Score, 0—0.
24. A few ex-Juniors (?) appear in '08 sweaters. Juniors wonder if new class is to be organized.
25. Haller overbalances, playing tennis. Tennant picks him up.
    Mr. Smith appointed as detective to find Miss W-n-l-g's fan.
26. A certain citizen of the town is very "badly" hit by Miss Conoway's essay.
27. "Pewwy" goes persimmon hunting.
28. Hall girl meets six "faculty" while walking down street with a young man.
29. "Trip Around the World." "Who's holding my foot?" a young lady timidly asked from the depths of a crowded cab.
30. Mason and Miss Blair get locked out of Greek. Miss Wood plays in chapel.
    Barnum seems inspired.

December

1. Whitney Brothers quartette.
2. Jean breaks the "Sunday caller's rule," as Stemple leaves Monday.
3. Athletics program. Only one "faculty" present.
4. Ex-Prof. Gist visits Latin Class.
5. Barnum stops playing too soon in chapel. Blushes for five minutes.
6. Skidmore grows so fond of Latin he reads one sentence ten times. Mr. Luster swallows seven terminations in 1st German Class.
7. Miss Bibbee is absent from choir practice—campused again.
8. Election of Society Officers. Caldabaugh, as usual, receives some votes for Marshal.
10. Y. W C. A. Social. Floods of harmony issue from the parlor.
11. Prof. Trotter and Prof. Deck desert their classes. Wells presides in German.
13. Game between Seniors and School. 0—0. "Scraps" too numerous to mention.
14. Prof. Mills takes up Geometry period by "spiel" on cheating in exams.
15. Last night of Societies Ask B-arn-s if she's "heard the news." Brake and Miss Carney sing "Nearer, still Nearer," and practice what they preach.
16. Warner recovers his temper lost in Chresto Society.
18. Rolands elected Dean of Janitor Department.
19. Who says we're craming for exams?
20. Question—Who gave Miss McKean her '08 pennant?
21. Students go home. "Cases" have hard work getting seats together. Smith sends waiter for more pickles in Clarksburg.

January

2. Students return. Hartley and Miller's crowd get "squelched" on train.
3. Geometry students hear their fate. Only ten flunkers.
4. "Professor of Elocution" blushes very beautifully in chapel.
5. There is thought to be a stranger in chapel; but it is only Prof. Benson with his hair cut.
7. Brownie's little sister calls him down for smoking. Year Book Staff meeting interrupted by Wesleyan Concert Co.
8. Dr. Weir, "Now don't hang around looking at schedule." Prof. Trotter. "Now watch the schedule." Which shall it be?"
9. Rumor has it that Ashworth and Cuppett are growing mustaches.
10. Louchery slumbers peacefully in German. Doc visits study room. Students are quiet for two minutes.
11. Smith interrupts Geometry by yawning. Mason acts as Marshal for Jake. Gets stood on his head.
13. Students' meeting in chapel. Prof Trotter leads.
14. Association reception. Several boys learn how to propose.
15. Rain!
16. Rain!!
17. Deluge!!!—and a party at Winnie's.
18. Spillman Riggs appears. Trainer gets a date with "her" at last.
19. Anti-kissing League formed. Moon builds a hog trough for club use. Rev. Baker leads chapel.
20. Miss McKean and Sharps come to church without a chaperone. Horrors!
21. Moose grows a goatee. Ask Swearinger about it.
22. Thermometer in Prof. Trotter's room registers 140° in the sun.
23. Second Floor girls have a feast. Almost get caught.
24. Benson baby cuts a tooth.
25. Grosscup and Skidmore watch in vain for their lady partners to appear on East Main.
26. Certain honorable Juniors get squelched for eating candy in Society.
27. Law takes Miss B—— for one of his cousins. She manages to get out of his way, however.
28. "Mac" gets presented with a box of sea foam(?)
29. Fritz has his picture drawn in chapel.
30. "Doc" gets a hair cut. Likewise "Daddy" Mills.
31. Holiday! Big speech in chapel. Revival begins.

February

1. Wonderful discovery made by aid of microscope—Dimmick is sprouting a mustache!
2. Ground-hog sees his shadow.
4. Trevy purchases a dog. Skidmore club celebrates.
5. Moose "laughs out in meetin'."
6. Wells gets to German class only two minutes late!
7. Singleton cuts his wisdom tooth. Sophomore class rejoices.
8. Prof. Mills interrupts geometry by asking Morrison what his thermometer registered this morning.
9. No society because of Revival Meeting. Midnight snowball contest by preacher boys. Perry holds the hats.
11. Winnie and Prof. Ha-r-s neglect their walk. What's going to happen?
12. Miss Gilmore gets her geometry figure drawn before class is over!
14. Miss Edna W-o-r-f evinces her belief in the maxim, "The longest way round is the shortest way—to the College."
15. First Greek class gets lost Finally makes its way to study room.
16. Downfall of Fritz in Society. Jr. Hartley takes the mumps.
18. Junior Class meets to force Dimmick to raise his mustache. Committee appointed for that purpose.
19. JoClaire and Marshall cut chapel. Get called before Faculty.
20. Brown says he prefers Faculty Meeting to class.
21. Conservatory recital. Moon IV "tends to" the piano.
22. "Birthington's Washday," but no holiday. The Misses Wier entertain.
23. Misses Law and Barbe rise to respond to encore in Society. Fritz, as marshall, tries to usher them from the room. Apologizes very elaborately.
25. Wesleyan concert. Every number encored.
26. Daddy Deck injures his fist waking Roberts in German.
27. '08 miraculously appears upon the smoke stack of the power house.
28. "23 for '07."

March

1. Conservatory Concert Party leaves. Y. M. C. A. delegates attend Elkins convention

2. Joint session of Societies, Hanifan, aided by *both* Societies, discusses "Woman in Arms." Miller loses his feet.

3. "It snows," cries the schoolboy. Mason holds down Mac's "meeting house."

5. Hon. Porter H—— teaches 1st Greek. Root guesses case of Latin noun *right;* Trotter stunned. Prof. Watson leads Chapel singing.

6. "Dean" Rolands appears in chapel in a red necktie and glasses. Fritz takes the mumps.

7. Gamble Concert Co. Small crowd. Fine large entertainment. Show at opera house patronized by usual crowd of boys.

8. Daddy Mills rejoices over a new suit of clothes. Miss B—— pays five cents to Professor Mills for being late in geometry. Schedule of exams posted.

9. Election of Society officers. Fates are kind to Alfe and Brake.

10. Misses Barnes, Blair, and Tennant stay up after lights bell to cram for exams. "Cramming" menu was as follows: pickles, olives, cakes, coffee cooked on gas light, etc.

12. Hartley, Sr., has a "swell' time; groans aloud because he can't meet her at station. Police make unsuccessful attempt to quell the hilarious demonstrations of students.

13. Opening Spring Term. Johnson No. 3 arrives, "but such a Johnson as mortal eyes had never seen."

14. Singleton sets his alarm wrong (so he suppposes). Gets up at 3 A. M. to escort Miss W—— to train.

15. "Skidoo for 23—." From the fury of the Senior's deliver us.

16. Hall girls get Senior privileges. Society debate by four Excelsior girls. Boys plot to cut certain new student's football hair.

17. Senior "cases" go to night services without chaperons.

19. *Faculty* seem to have been presetened with new hymnals for chapel. Students seated. Great commotion.

20. Formal opening service in Chapel. Had to miss class to listen to speeches. Rev. Tamblyn gives good advice about study.

21. Seniors try to paint out '08. Brush drops from Miller's (?) shaking hand, causing blot on smoke stack.

22. Johnson forsakes his "sex." Gets a new date. Chorus meets. Miss Rexroad goes home from class alone—Denver's sick!

23. Second downfall of Fritz in Society. Singleton granted optional attendance at Excelsior Society. Miss W-o-d-l- rejoices.

25. Thomas Brooks Fletcher on "Martydom of Fools." *Large number* present.

26. Young lady at hall receives trunk from her "dear Dad." Fritz follows Singleton's plan.

27. Daddy Deck—not the new Johnson—gets a hair cut. Recital by music and elocution students.

28. Moving of household belongings becomes fashionable. Johnson (Ches) is forced to "take back what he borrowed."

29. Skidmore flunks in German. Punishment: must read every day for a week. Number of students have chicken roast. Three chickens missed from Domitory hen-house.

30. Several leave for Easter vacation. Winnie and Professor H—— play a love game—of tennis.

31. Easter day. Hall girls allowed "dates" for concert in evening. *O, joy, O, rapture* unforseen.

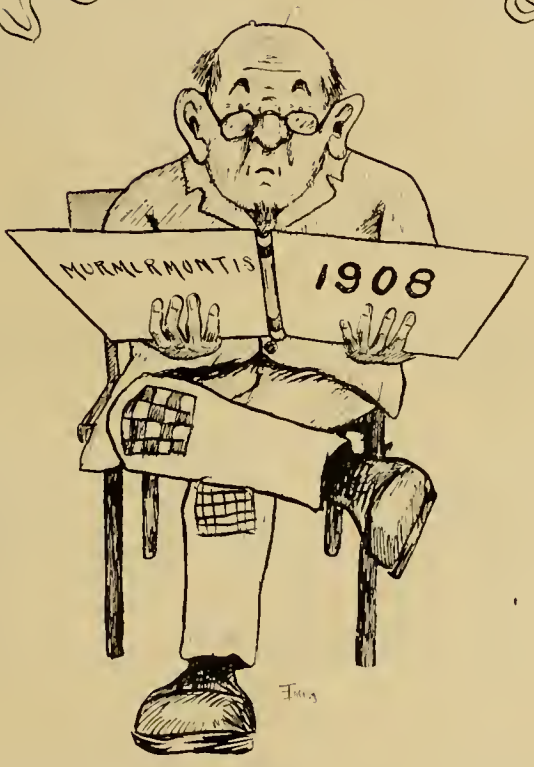
Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been;
A sound which makes us linger—yet—farewell!

"Scorn and slam us if you must!
We've worked till our brains did fairy bust,
The Juniors upon us this honor (?) have thrust.
And now we're waiting—just to be cust."

(Murmurmontis Staff.)

THE END

Advertisements.



You just must patronize our advertisers.

D. D. CASTO C. L. MEARNS C. B. CASTO

Casto Bros. Department Store

THE BEST PLACE FOR
Ladies' and Gent's Furnishings

Visit our Shoe Department for the latest styles in Spring Oxfords. OUR PRICES are RIGHT

Main Street, Buckhannon, W. Va.

WILL F. COLWES CHAS. O. LATHAM

Colwes & Latham

Headquarters for
Everything Good to Eat
Lowney's & Blue Banner Chocolates

¶ We handle Weber's Flowers. "Weber" stands for quality, correct design and promptness. ¶ Orders taken for Cut Flowers for all occasions.

Colwes & Latham

Main Street

G. O. YOUNG

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGIST

¶ *The largest and best selected line of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines Blank Books, Stationery, Paints, Oils, Etc., in Central West Virginia.*

EXCLUSIVE SALES AGENTS FOR

¶ *Hudnut's Perfumes, Huyler's Candies, Rexall Remedies, Vinol, National Cigar Stands, Cigars.*

MANUFACTURERS OF

¶ *Young's Headache Powders, Skidoo Liquid Corn Remover.*

Sold by all dealers

GOODS SENT ANYWHERE BY MAIL OR EXPRESS

BUCKHANNON :: WEST VIRGINIA

"IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHERE YOU WANDER"

If you cannot call personally, a postal addressed to

LAW'S BOOK STORE

will receive prompt attention and they

WILL SUPPLY YOUR WANTS

¶ We supply the wants of the students, and carry a complete line of supplies for the school and office; for the athlete and amateur photographer

A BIG QUESTION

WHAT CAN I DO TO ADD COMMERCIAL VALUE TO MY EDUCATION

?

Business Course will do it. After a good literary foundation, nothing will add more value to your work than a good business course, such as is given at this school. Ask for information about our courses

GEORGE W. BROYLES

PRINCIPAL, BUCKHANNON, W. VA.

The Ap-O-Rheuma Company

Manufacturers of the following remedies

Ap-O-Rheuma, Ap-O-ton-i-ko, XXX Absorbent Oil, Faulkner's Liverine and Sweet Wood Cough Specific

Read what the REV. D. H. K. DIX says:

THE AP-O-RHEUMA CO.—GENTLEMEN: I am so greateful for the benefit received from using Ap-O-Rheuma and that such a valuable remedy has been discovered that for the good of others I feel that I should make this statement. For over twenty years I had suffered frnm Rheumatism in my lower limbs. At times my left knee would be almost double its usual size, and my rest at night was so badly interrupted that I slept but little But now, after using nearly 3 bottles, I can sleep without interruption and walk without pain and the use of a cane. I believe that I will be entirely cured by using another bottle. The swelling has entirely gone from my limbs. I bope other sufferers may find like results. Yours very truly, D. H. K. DIX.

Since making the above statement, I have but once felt a slight return of Rheumatism. I used about half a bottle more, and have not felt any indication of its return since; this being a year and one-half since I first found relief.—D. H. K. DIX.

Ask your merchant or druggist for these remedies

Buckhannon : West Virginia

When You Build

WRITE

J. W. WHARTON

FOR AN ESTIMATE ON THE

PLASTERING

You will find our price right, and nineteen years of experience will enable us to do your work in the most satisfactory manner.

Oakland :: Maryland

ELOCUTION.

Levinstein's Department Store

HEAD TO FOOT OUTFITTERS FOR

LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN

ALSO FOR

MEN, YOUTHS AND BOYS

YOUR PATRONAGE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

LEVINSTEIN'S DEPARTMENT STORE

BUCKHANNON, WEST VIRGINIA

CITY RESTAURANT

Opposite Court House

Open from 5 a. m. till everybody is fed.
Ladies' Dining Parlor with lady attendants.
Always something good to eat.
Fresh Roasted Peanuts. Cigars and Tobacco.

BOTH PHONES

C. LYNN LEYLER, PROP'R

Thos. H. Weber & Sons Co.

FOUNDED IN 1870 BY HENRY WEBER]
INCORPDRATED 1905]

WILLIAM WEBER, PRESIDENT — HENRY P. WEBER, VICE PRESIDENT

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROWERS
AND SHIPPERS OF

Roses and Carnations

Chrysanthemums

and Violets

AND ALL POTTED PLANTS IN SEASON

We pay particular attention to high grade retail shipments. ¶ Also to wedding and funeral decorations. ¶ Moderate priced, elaborate and original designs delivered promptly. First class service. Correct taste. Suggestions made. Estimates furnished. Correspondence invited.

Cut Flowers and Funeral Orders Delivered by Telegraph
Throughout the United States and Canada

ADDRESS ALL INQUIRIES TO

THOS. H. WEBER & SONS CO.
OAKLAND, MD.

M. L. Brown
'07

PHOTOS MADE IN
PLATINUM, CARBON
AND ALL FINISHES

ENLARGING AND
FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES

J. LOUISE MACAVOY

ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHER

STUDIO ON GROUND FLOOR

W. MAIN STREET

THE KESSLER HOSPITAL, CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

General Hospital.
Newly Painted,
New Hot Water
Heating System.
Fly Screens
Throughout Build'g
Electric Fans
and Call Bells,
Prompt Ambulance
Service.

New Operating Room with thorough facilities. All patients receive the personal attention of the Superintendent.
Training School for Nurses—Course Three Years.
Open to all Young Women of Good Character.

FOR PARTICULARS AND INFORMATION ADDRESS

Dr. S. M. MASON, Superintendent and Surgeon in Charge

BOTH PHONES

CITY BOOK STORE

NEWSDEALERS, BOOKS AND STATIONERY

SHEET MUSIC — FINE CANDIES

PICTURE FRAMES — SODA FOUNTAIN

COLLEGE PENNANTS AND BANNERS

HEAVNER & WARREN

MAIN STREET

DOES NOT

Crack, Blister or Peel—But it

DOES

Preserve and Beautify

It's a PURE LINSEED OIL PAINT—Guaranteed. Carefully ground and mixed — Possessing superior durability, covering capacity and wearing quality—it's worth a trial.

It'll Pay You to Use the

LAWRENCE PAINTS

Gives the BEST RESULTS—that's what you want when you use paint. Card with handsome shades and suggestions on request.

W. W. LAWRENCE & CO.

BOX 917 — PITTSBURGH, PA.

THOS. J. FARNSWORTH, PRES. — J. E. HERNDON, CASHIER

BUCKHANNON BANK

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS - - $38,000.00

Your business is solicited, and every courtesy consistent with sound banking will be extended. Call and see us

BUCKHANNON, WEST VA.

The Baltimore Medical College

Preliminary Fall Course begins Sept. 1, 1907
Regular Winter Course begins Sept. 20, 1907

Liberal Teaching Facilities, Modern College Buildings, Comfortable Lecture Hall, and Amphitheaters, Large and Completely Equipped Laboratories, Capacious Hospital and Dispensary, Lying-in Department for Teaching Clinical Obstetrics, Large Clinics.

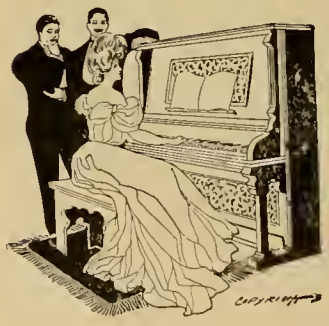
SEND FOR CATALOGUE, AND ADDRESS

DAVID STREET, M. D., DEAN

BALTIMORE, M. D.

FOR A HIGH GRADE INSTRUMENT

SEE

THE WEST VIRGINIA MUSIC COMPANY

We have only the best—each design is a study in structural richness and appeals to people of fine taste. We have a full line of Baldwin Instruments which consists of Baldwin Grands and Uprights, Ellington Grands, Uprights and Player Pianos, Hamilton Uprights, Valley Gem Uprights, Howard Uprights, Hamilton and Monarch Organs, and M. P. Moller Piano Case Organs.

The name "Baldwin" has always been associated with the highest ideals in the Piano-forte construction and for years they have received the unqualified commendation of musicians of international reputation. The name "Baldwin" on a Piano is a guarantee that you are getting an instrument of the highest quality.

MOOR BUILDING

114 FOURTH STREET CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

Alex Zeck & Son

Heating and Ventilating

ENGINEERS

Grafton, West Virginia

WHEN you think of good heating you think of ZECK. We install Heating and Ventilating Plants all over the state, and we exercise just as much care with a small plant as with a large one.

¶ We have recently installed a Central Vacuum Steam Heating Plant in the West Virginia Wesleyan College, which, by results, speaks for itself.

¶ For over fifteen years we have specialized on Steam and Hot Water Heating and are proud of our record. There is a world of difference in a heating plant that is efficient and at the same time economical as regards coal consumption. and one that simply warms the building. And that is where we hold the key.

Think it over, it's worth while

Ex-Juniors.

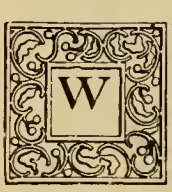
THE CUTS
IN THIS BOOK
WERE MADE BY THE
ELECTRIC CITY ENGRAVING CO.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

The Acme Publishing Co.

(INCORPORATED)

Morgantown : West Virginia

Printers of this Book



E are specialists in Catalogs of all descriptions. Write us when you want anything of the kind no matter where located.

In Blank Books, Special Ruled Blanks and Loose Leaf Systems, we are leaders, to whom all others take off their hats.

Edition Books are also grist for our mill

¶ In fact you can't go astray in asking us about anything along these lines. Write us your troubles we surely will help you.

The Acme Publishing Company

Chas. R. Johnston :: Manager

WEST VIRGINIA

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

1. ¶ Preparatory Courses in Common Branches.
2. ¶ Preparatory Courses leading to Diplomas: Classical, Literary, Scientific, Normal Engineering, Music, Oratory, Art, Business.
3. ¶ College Courses leading to Degrees in Arts, Literature and Science, Engineering, Music.
4. ¶ Part courses in either department.
5. ¶ School of Music, School of Busines, School of Art, School of Oratory, School of Railroading and Telegraphy.
6. ¶ Spacious Campus, Strong Faculties, Modern Conveniences, High Moral and Social Requirements.

SEND FOR LARGE CATALOGUE FREE

J. WIER. PRESIDENT

BUCKHANNON :: WEST VIRGINIA

College of Physicians and Surgeons

OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL SESSION WILL BEGIN OCTOBER 1, 1907

New building; modern equipment; unsurpassed laboratories; large and independent Lying-in-Asylum for practical Obstetrics; Department for Prevention of Hydrophobia, and many Hospitals for Clinical Work present to the medical student EVERY ADVANTAGE. For Catalogue and other information apply to

CHARLES F. BEVAN, DEAN

COR. CALVERT AND SARATOGA STS. - - - - - - BALTIMORE, MD.

The Lowndes Savings Bank and Trust Co.

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL - - - - $250,000
PAID IN CAPITAL - - - - - $150,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Four per cent. interest compounded semi-annually paid on all Savings Deposits. We offer advantages to our depositors not to be obtained elsewhere.

TRUST COMPANY DEPARTMENT

Acts as executor and administrator; also as trustee, assignee and receiver of corporations and individuals.

RICHARD T. LOWNDES, PRESIDENT — GEO. L. DUNCAN, SEC'Y AND TREAS.

—THE—

Union National Bank

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Resources - - $2,000,000

Four Per Cent on Savings Deposits — Foreign Exchange

STAFF-SUICIDE

R. T. LOWNDES, President
THOS. W. HARRISON, Vice President

S. R. HARRISON, Cashier
W. H. LEWIS, Asst. Cashier

The Merchants National Bank

OF WEST VIRGINIA
AT CLARKSBURG

CAPITAL - - - - -	$100,000
SURPLUS - - - - -	70,000

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

FOUR PER CENT INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

J. G. MAYFIELD, President
D. HICKMAN, Vice President

JOHN F. SHORE, Cashier
F. R. HICKMAN, Asst. Cashier
CALDWELL RIGGS, Teller

Bank of Middlebourne

CAPITAL, SURPLUS, UNIVIDED PROFITS - - $10,000

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS

MIDDLEBOURNE - - - - - WEST VIRGINIA

GEO. L. DUNCAN, PRES. FRED. B. WOOD, CASHIER

WEST VIRGINIA BANK

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

SOLICITS YOUR BUSINESS

Queen Quality Special
$3.50

Queen Quality
$3.00

SMITH'S SHOE STORE

327 MAIN ST., FAIRMONT, W. VA.

THE BEST LINE OF SHOES

The Stetson
$5.00

The Pingree
$4.00

ESTABLISHED 1869 GUARANTEED CIRCULATION 2,100

The Buckhannon Delta and Knight Errant

Largest Circulation in this Section of the State
Best Advertising Medium in the County
Write for Rates....

All Kinds of Book and Job Printing

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT COMPANY, INCORPORATED

FRANK LATHAM FRANK MAXWELL

BUCKHANNON HARDWARE CO.

SEE OUR GARDEN PLOWS

LAWN SWINGS
REFRIGERATORS

SCREEN DOORS
GARDEN IMPLEMENTS

Manley Hotel

CHAS. E. MANLEY, PROPRIETOR

JEFFERSON STREET
NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE

FAIRMONT - - - - - - WEST VIRGINIA

YOU CAN'T BEAT IT, UNLESS YOU CHEAT

Skinner's Tavern

FAIRMONT, W. VA.

BENJ. G. WILLIAMS,
PROPRIETOR

AT THE DEPOT

The Bailey House

THE TRAVELERS' HOME

UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT AS HERETOFORE

L. S. TUNSTILL, PROPRIETRESS

WESTON - - - - - - - - WEST VIRGINIA

Hotel Luzerne

BELINGTON, W. VA.

Newly Furnished, Excellent Cuisine, All Modern Conveniences

MRS. A. UMBACH - - - - - - RROPRIETRESS

NEW VALLEY HOTEL

BUCKHANNON, W. VA.

THE ONLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL IN THE CITY

MRS. FLORENCE SHOBE
PROPRIETRESS

MAIN STREET

JEROME W. STEWART

BUYS AND SELLS
RESIDENCE PROPERTY

Buying of Acreage and Making Allotments a Specialty

Also Colonization Agent for Arkansas Valley of Colorado

Go to Upshur Hardware Company

For Bargains in Stoves, Paints and General Hardware. Students will find a Complete Line of Base Ball Goods, Megaphones, Fishing Tackle, etc., at our store.

HALL'S OLD STAND

NEAR M. E. CHURCH

T. B. DRUMMOND & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CABINET MANTELS, TILE, WINDOW DOORS, COLUMNS, ROOFING, PAINTS, GLASS, ETC.

BUCKHANNON - - - - - WEST VIRGINIA

DR. E. B. ALKIRE DR. ORME C. POST

ALKIRE & POST

Dentists

Office on Chancery Street Opposite Court House

TRADERS HOTEL

RATES $2.00 PER DAY

Guy R. Sinsel - - Proprietor

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

WILLIAM POST, President SANFORD GRAHAM, Cashier

Traders National Bank

Solicits Your Business

Capital $50,000 Surplus Profits $45,000

BUCKHANNON, W. VA.

J. W. TWYMAN H. S. ROMANS

Glen Elk News Depot

404 NORTH FIFTH STREET

One Block from B. & O. Depot

Books, Magazines, Rubber Stamps and Post Cards.
A Nice Line of Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigars
Candies and Stationery

The Koblegard Company

Importers and Jobbers
Dry Goods and Notions

CLARKSBURG - - - - WEST VA.

Matthews & Hamill

...Lawyers...

OAKLAND - MARYLAND

A Splendidly Equipped Commercial Law and Fire Insurance Department in connection

J. M. Underwood

...Lawyer...

MIDDLEBOURNE - - - WEST VA.

K. S. BOREMAN O. C. CARTER

Boreman & Carter

Attorneys

MIDDLEBOURNE - - - WEST VA.

Commissioner in Chancery For Tyler County Notary Public

C. R. MARTIN

...Lawyer...

Office, Room 2, Bank Building, Middlebourne, W. Va.

HARVEY W. HARMER

Attorney-at-Law

CLARKSBURG - - - - WEST VA.

WVWC LIBRARY
120628